THE

# MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

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*For the Anthology.*

## A DISQUISITION UPON THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ANCIENTS.

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF Φ B K, AT THEIR ANNIVERSARY MEETING IN CAMBRIDGE, 28TH AUGUST, 1806.

By Thomas Boylston Adams.

This anniversary festival again invites the Brethren of the Φ B K to renew their vows of friendship and fraternity ; to revive the memory of former intimacies, and consecrate to futurity habits of affection more recently begun.

Greetings of cordiality await the attending members of our social institution, mingled with regret for those unavoidably absent.

We offer no incense to propitiate, and immolate no victim to appease *heathen* Divinities. In our Fasti this day is sacred to *Candour* and *Philanthropy*. Our only sacrifice is, of the worst to the best feelings of the heart ; and the fragments gathered at our feast, which custom enjoins it as a duty to carry hence, are, the grateful remembrance of a mental repast, seasoned with the salt of *Charity*.

Thus, in the principles of your Association, is found an excuse for the imperfections of the speaker, who, yielding to a sense of duty and your partial suffrage, rather than the consciousness of his insufficiency, for the task he has this day assumed, anticipates only gratuitous applause for well-meant endeavours.

By the mystery of our calling, my brethren, we are naturally attracted toward the fountains of Science, and to ramble without reserve in the pleasant fields of Philosophy.

Philosophy ! which ages of superstition idolized as a Divinity, and which, though stripped of attributes and attractions, worthy the homage, and challenging those false trappings, still retains the love and admiration of man in every age. The prolifick parent of the social virtues and moral graces, it has been usual to personify Philosophy as a female, and in that character has she been honoured with " the glorious epithets of the *Mistress of Manners*, the *Directress of Life*, the *Inventress of Laws and Culture*, the *Guide to Virtue and Happiness*." If these be her appropriate titles, no wonder that Socrates, her great high priest, " who diverted the attention of his followers from abstruse speculations concerning the material world to the practice of virtue

and the uniform observance of the duties of life," is represented by Cicero as having brought philosophy down from heaven. Thus descended, Pythagoras had already given her " a name, whereby she might be known among men," having defined those to be philosophers, " who made light of all other pursuits,and assiduously applied themselves to the study of nature, and the search after wisdom."

The history of philosophy and that of letters are so intimately blended, that it is impossible to distinguish between those causes, which have retarded the progress of the one, without involving the fate of the other. One event, indeed, seems to have happened to them both. Like the *Benefactors* of mankind, in all ages they have shared largely of *ingratitude* ; by turns the sport of wantonness and the victims of savage cruelty ; sometimes in perils, like St. Paul, from false brethren, and sometimes suffocated by the smoke or reduced to cinders by the flames, which casualty or design have enkindled in the midst of their dwelling places.

The errours of the human mind deserve consideration, not on their own account, but because we may use them as beacons to admonish us of danger, and as they point out the shoals, upon which others have made shipwreck.

Shall we think with Hume* and Priestley,† who concur in sentiment that " the devastations of barbarians and the destruction of records, with other monuments of antiquity, have been rather favourable, than adverse to the arts and sciences, by breaking the progress of authority" ? Then, indeed, may consolation spring from some events, which other eyes have viewed, and history records, as the consummation of calamity. The soldiers of Julius Cæsar and the Saracen caliph Omar, in league with the elements, tried by this test, were the first philanthropists. The progress of authority could not have been more effectually checked, than by the burning of those almost innumerable volumes, which the wealth of the Egyptian Ptolemies had amassed in the Alexandrian libraries. " An amazing repository of ancient science," the annihilation of which the accomplished author of the Observer‡ deplores, as the loss of the most valuable treasure upon earth.

" It was buried in ashes," says this animated writer, " by the well-known quibbling edict of a barbarous fanatick." " If, said the em- " perour, these volumes contain " doctrines conformable to the Ko- " ran, then is the Koran alone suf- " ficient, without these volumes ; " but if what they teach be repug- " nant to God's book, then is it " fitting they were destroyed."

" Thus, with false reason for their judge, and false religion for their executioner, perished an innumerable company of Poets, Philosophers, and Historians, with almost every thing elegant in Art and edifying in Science, which the most illuminated people on earth had, in the luxuriance of their genius, produced. In vain did the philosopher John, (surnamed the Grammarian) intercede to save them. Universal condemnation to the flames was the sentence, ignorance denounced against these literary martyrs. The flow of wit, the flights of fancy, and the labours of learning, alike contributed to feed the fires of those baths, in

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* Hume's Essays.

† Priestley. Lec. Gen. Policy.

‡ Cumberland's Observer, No. 19.

which the savage conquerors recreated themselves after the toils of the siege."

"Need we inquire, when art and science were extinct, if darkness overspread the nations? It is a period too melancholy to reflect upon and too vacant to record. History passes over it, as over the chart of an ocean without a shore, with this cutting recollection accompanying it, that in this ocean are buried many of the brightest monuments of ancient genius."

The furious zeal of this Mahometan prince in favour of his religion, which thus laid science in ruins, has unhappily found a parallel in the annals of the Christian Church. At a period, when philosophy had incurred disgrace, by the perverseness and treachery of some unworthy professors, a Roman emperour waged war against the whole race of philosophers. Instigated by an inveterate aversion to those, who still practised pagan idolatry, Justinian shut up the schools, which still remained at Athens, and deprived the teachers of their revenues; and a Roman pontiff, inflamed by a similar hatred, under the pretext of confining the attention of the clergy to the sacred scriptures, at another time, consigned to the flames the valuable collections of books, formed by the Roman emperours.

That learning should have survived these accumulated disasters is scarcely credible. As an epoch in the history of Philosophy, may it not be ranked with the general deluge of the world? And as the genealogy of princes, after the flood, could be traced no higher than the head of a single family, by whom the world was renewed, so, for a genealogy of letters, are we not compelled to look up to the solitary and scattered remnants, which escaped these general conflagrations? *These*, together with *the Scriptures of Truth*, have rebuilt and repeopled the desolate places of wisdom; and, if we listen to the self complacency of the present age, the light of Science now shines with brighter lustre and more expanded rays, than at any former period. As one proof, among many, of the prevalence of this opinion, an appeal to French authority may not be deemed unpardonable. A distinguished member of the French Academy,* contrasting the merits of ancient and modern researches into the arcana of nature, indulges in the following strain.—"No sooner had the first Philosophers looked about them, than they believed at once that they knew every thing. Their first impressions seem to have been—we see all things, and we are at no loss to account for the cause of all things. As in a dream, they beheld the universe rising to view; they dreamt of the principles, the properties, and the origin of things, and they never awoke from their slumbers."

"Thus the ancients, in other words, those who deserve precedence in ignorance, believed themselves wise. Unfortunately, because they believed it themselves, nobody else doubted it. "Professing themselves to be wise they became fools;" but this fact was not discovered for some ages. Seniority was, in their estimation, the best title to knowledge, and supplied all scientifick deficiences. The Egyptians are a law to the Greeks, the Greeks to the Romans; and in

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* M. L'Abbé Condillac. Cours d'Etudes. Tom. 6.

our day both Greeks and Romans are a law to us."

"Empires are subverted, and nations are buried under their ruins, but opinions endure; they survive all ages, and never grow old. An ostensible change in modes of thinking is often less a proof of novelty, than of an old fashion in disguise."

"Formerly philosophers undertook to explain every thing, without previous experiment; raising doubts, without knowing whether they were susceptible of solution; flattering themselves with hopes of new discoveries, without possessing the means of investigation, and even when they knew not what they sought. Alone inquisitive respecting things above their reach or comprehension, they associated vague ideas, obscure or fallacious. They framed hypotheses, and because they took no note of them, they were constantly reproducing the same opinions in a new shape; so that nobody need be surprised at the information, that all the opinions of the ancient philosophers are comprized in a small compass of ideas, wherein they are confounded with each other. No one has ever adventured beyond it, and, as to a common centre, all are attracted thither by ignorance, their guide."

"True philosophy is but of yesterday, and it is because experiment has lent her aid to genius, that the sphere of knowledge is enlarged. Whatever may be the extent of this sphere, it is nevertheless bounded, and we cannot overleap its limits. Being "children of darkness rather than light," we are perpetually seeking that port, whence we departed on the voyage of discovery.. But, if many things are impenetrably hid from our view, it is, at least, in our power to avoid many errours. Let us habituate ourselves to passing judgment upon things, of which we can attain true knowledge—let us be ignorant of the rest, and without fear avow it."

In the same spirit, though more highly seasoned, is the opinion which the Baron Montesquieu* has left behind him, of the small advances, made by the ancients, in several branches of learning.

At the close of a preface to one of his sallies of levity (called the Temple of Gnidus) he remarks, that, "if *grave people* should desire of him a less frivolous work, he is ready to satisfy the demand; having laboured *thirty years* upon a book of *twelve pages*, which will contain all our knowledge of *metaphysicks*, *politicks*, and *morals*, and every thing which the greatest authors *have forgotten*, in the volumes they have written upon those respective sciences."

The term philosophy admits and has received a very large interpretation. "At some periods its signification has been extended so far, as to include, not only all speculative science, but also skill in municipal law; the knowledge of medicine; the art of criticism and the whole circle of polite literature. The Christian religion was called sacred philosophy, and ecclesiastical doctors and monks were styled philosophers."

"The history of philosophy, according to Dr. Enfield,† is the history of the human understanding; clearly shewing the extent of its capacity, the causes of its perversion, and the means, by which it may be recalled from its unprofitable wanderings, and suc-

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* Le Temple de Gnide, par le Baron Montesquieu.

† Enfield's History of Philosophy.

cessfully employed in subserviency to the happiness of mankind."

That spirit of inquiry, which we derive from nature, and which commonly discovers itself with the first dawning of the human intellect, may be aptly denominated *the love of wisdom*. In this sense the prattling infant is as much a philosopher, as the hoary-headed sage. Curiosity, which, instead of being satiated, grows hungry by indulgence, first busies itself about the *names* of natural bodies ; next, their *peculiar properties* and *appropriate uses ;* then, the *causes* of their *existence*. Such is the philosophy of nature ; and moral philosophy, necessarily, pursues the same track in her investigation of the operations of mind ; for valuable or useful discoveries, both depend upon a previous knowledge of fact, obtained by careful experiment and critical observation.

While the study of moral philosophy has confessedly fallen into neglect, the institutions of modern times are chiefly designed to facilitate the acquisition of natural knowledge ; but, for lessons of morality, we have the inestimable privilege of resorting to the temples of our God. It is to be feared, that the rage of innovation, aided by an artificial aversion and an unnatural distaste for ancient wisdom, which infidelity has lately wrought up to a pitch of extravagance, has already produced alarming consequences to society. That the fetters of superstition, rivetted by ancient authority, have scarcely less retarded the progress of improvement, than the mournful desolations of war, is a favourite doctrine of the times ; and it is by no means uncommon to hear a reverence for the ancients derided, as a tyrannical usurpation over human reason. In order to dethrone this despot, and restore the understanding to its natural freedom, the discipline of the schools must be utterly abolished, and the props of authority must be left to moulder away, by long interruptions in the progress of learning ; youth must no longer be harassed by the study of heathen writers, vulgarly called Classicks, because of the danger of corrupting their morals ; and, to finish the climax, the holy bible, instead of a code of divine inspiration, the refuge of mortals on earth and their only guide to heaven, has lately been discovered to be only a compilation of *monkish impostors*.

The obstacles to the attainment of knowledge, one would think, were already sufficiently numerous, without the auxiliary aid of systematick degradation; for the labourers in the vineyard of wisdom, and the suitors in the courts of the Muses, have been few, in all ages, and their reward has more frequently been stripes, than blessings, from their cotemporaries ; but the honour of laying the foundation for an *institute of ignorance* exclusively belongs to the *age of reason*.

Within a century past scepticism has aimed many open and many insidious blows at the purest system of morals that ever blessed mankind, by studied attempts to bring in question its divine origin. What aggravates the iniquity of these pernicious labours is, the unwelcome recollection, that they have been, for the most part, achieved by men of superiour scientifick attainments, whose exercises of intellect, in every other branch of learning, reflect lustre upon letters. Pitiful employment ! shameful perversion of mental endowments ! To particularize individuals, who have lent their aid to undermine the fabrick of Christian faith, becomes not this

occasion. How largely this philosophy has contributed to produce those revolutions of states and empires, of which the scene is principally laid in Europe, is an inquiry, which, by its interest, might reward the patient research of scholars and statesmen.

It is not, in fact, nor ought it to be mentioned as any disparagement of the ancient moralists, that their writings breathe not the pure ethereal precepts of the Christian doctrines. With devotional fervour many of them sought for the knowledge of truths, which by the help of revelation are happily familiarized to us; but it did not comport with the views of God to man, that discoveries of his divine attributes should result from the most unwearied exercise of unassisted reason. Yet, by the systems of morals which were taught in the schools of the first masters of philosophy, the condition of the human race was raised from debasement; the violence of the passions received a salutary check; and the prevalence of corruption and impiety became more rare among mankind. Had the lives and the doctrines of their adherents been coincident with the original tenets of the first teachers, Philosophy had never "given occasion for her enemies to blaspheme." She might not have been doomed to ring all the changes of the Metempsichosis of vice and impurity. Such a barometer, as has been graduated for the philosophy of Greece, had never been applied to the purpose of noting the fluctuations in the state of the moral atmosphere, even among the heathen.

It could not with truth have been said of the philosophy, which Plato and Aristotle admired, that it became "*impious* under Diagoras; *vicious* under Epicurus; *hypocritical* under Zeno; *impudent* under Diogenes; *covetous* under Democharès; *voluptuous* under Metrodorus; *fantastical* under Crates; *scurrilous* under Menippus; *licentious* under Pyrrho; and *quarrelsome* under Cleanthes."*

It is nevertheless sufficiently attested, that the Ionick and Italick schools, at the head of which were Thales and Pythagoras, split into numerous sects, as various in their doctrines, as in their modes of teaching. Each had its favourite hypothesis, while all were confessedly occupied in the search after happiness, or the greatest good.

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain,
Some, swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.†

As the natural propensities of men dictated, and as their dispositions inclined, they were led to embrace opposite schemes for the attainment of a common end; and a supposed affinity between the different temperaments of men and the sects themselves has been assigned as the impelling motive to a choice of masters. "Nothing," says De Pauw, "being more natural, than that those, who were born with great force of mind and strong nerves, should discover a predilection for stoicism, while mortals, endowed by nature with more delicacy of fibres, fled for refuge to the myrtles of Epicurus. People, whose temper partook of no extreme, were inclined for the Lyceum, or the Academy; such as possessed solidity of understand-

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* Encyclopædia. Tit. Philosophy.
† Pope. Essay on Man.

ing ranged themselves with Aristotle ; and those who had only genius, or even pretensions to that endowment, went to augment the crowd of Platonists."

It is assumed, as an historical fact, that the maxims of moral philosophy taught in the schools of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, very powerfully contributed to discipline the minds of men for the reception of the sublimer doctrines of Christianity ; though, it is no less certain, that the active jealousy of many, styling themselves disciples of Plato, had an influence in retarding the establishment of the Christian Religion. Their hostility, so well attested, is ascribed with some plausibility to their settled veneration for the head of their sect, and an apprehension, that the new system would speedily eradicate their favourite philosophy, which, of all others, in the opinion of a modern enthusiast, " discovers the greatest conformity with Revelation." Whether this honour be ascribed to the sentiments of Plato or of Socrates, is perhaps not very material ; but, as the former was a disciple of the latter, the praise of conformity belongs rather to the master, than the scholar.

The united testimony of ancient and modern writers gives rank to Socrates, as the most extraordinary person, that ever appeared in the heathen world ; and, in our day, we have seen a philosophical parallel, between the character of *Socrates* and *Jesus of Nazareth*, produce an interesting controversy, between two learned Theologians.‡

To combat vulgar errours ; to stem the torrent of popular prejudice ; and to meliorate the condi-

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‡ Priestley and Linn's controversy.

tion of men in despite of themselves, is of all employments the most thankless ; and it is a solemn truth, that the best and richest gifts of providence, in the persons and characters of eminent men, have been slighted, if not rejected with loathing, by those for whom the blessing was designed. Jerusalem stoned and killed her prophets. Athens poisoned her Socrates. Rome murdered her Cicero. The Jews—But I forbear further to trespass on holy ground. The fate of Socrates is most connected with my subject. Though not untarnished with suspicion, his life and character are for the most part represented in the most amiable light. His cotemporaries shrink from a comparison, because the example he gave is reproachful of their dissoluteness of manners.

Athens was infested with a swarm of false pretenders to wisdom, denominated Sophists, whose trade was disputation and the sum of whose merit is comprised in a short sentence...they had the art " to make the worse appear the better reason." From this vermin it was the ambition of Socrates to rid his country. Their hypocrisy, not surpassed by that of the scribes and pharisees, he knew and despised ; their ignorance he knew, and exposed it. While they pretended to such acquisitions of knowledge, and such a knack of imparting it to others, that, as a facetious Frenchman professed to teach the art of painting, so they could teach the art of wisdom, in three hour's time, Socrates, who was wiser than them all, professed to know but this, *that he knew nothing*. At an advanced period of his life, the rancour of those enemies, whom all his life had exasperated, enkindled the resent-

ment of his countrymen, by impeaching him of the heinous sin of "endeavouring to bring wisdom and things together, and make truth consist with sober sense." That he corrupted the youth, and refused homage to the gods of his country, were other articles in the charges preferred against Socrates to the Athenian senate. The stage had been employed as an instrument, by the force of ridicule, to destroy the influence of his captivating manners and seducing opinions, and the ribaldry of Aristophanes occasionally bespattered the transparent drapery of the Socratick portrait of Divinity. In spite of his able defence, his enemies prevailed upon the fickle and wayward passions of the populace, and they decreed death by poison as his portion. Of his conduct while in prison, after sentence had been pronounced against him, and the magnanimity of the last scene of his life, none are ignorant. Cicero and science wept his unnatural death.

Who noble ends, by noble means, obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius, let him reign or bleed,
Like Socrates that man is great indeed.*

Notwithstanding the partial estimation, in which Socrates was held by antiquity, and however extraordinary the appearance of such a luminary may be considered in reference to the period of his life, it is only from the writings of his two disciples, Xenophon and Plato, that testimonials of his wisdom are to be collected. These have afforded matter for enthusiastick encomium to all students in ethicks to the present day; but there are those, of no mean taste, who, comparing

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* Pope. Essay on Man.

the merits of moral treatises, adjudge the prize to Tully, of whose book of Offices the famous Barbeyrac* has recorded his testimony, that "without dispute it is the best treatise of morality, with which all antiquity has furnished us."

Should a parallel be run between Socrates and Cicero, with a view to determine which has most influenced the manners and opinions of posterity, the palm of victory would unquestionably be decreed to the Roman. In ethicks and jurisprudence, in oratory and polite literature, whether in theory or in practice, it must be inquired respecting Cicero, as Cicero inquired of Pisistratus, "who of those times surpassed him in learning, or what orator was more eloquent or accomplished?"

In a disquisition upon philosophy, to omit the name of Chancellor Bacon, the great reformer, might be thought little less pardonable, than for a treatise upon the reformation in religion to forget the name of Luther.

It was he, who, in the language of Sir William Jones,† "so elegantly analysed human knowledge according to the three great faculties of the mind, *memory*, *reason*, and *imagination*, which we constantly find employed in arranging and retaining, comparing and distinguishing, combining and diversifying the ideas which we receive through our senses, or acquire by reflection; hence the three main branches of learning are *History*, *Science*, and *Art*. The first comprehends either an account of natural productions, or the genuine records of empires and states; the

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* Barbeyrac. Preface to Puffendorf.

† Sir William Jones's Works. Discourse pronounced before the Asiatick Society.

second embraces the whole circle of pure and mixed mathematicks, together with ethicks and law, so far as they depend on the reasoning faculty ; and the third includes all the beauties of imagery, and the charms of invention, displayed in modulated language, or represented by colour, figure, or sound."

It was Bacon, who first gave the plan of those institutions for the acquisition of natural science, which, since his day, have multiplied in, at least, three quarters of the globe ; the objects of whose inquiries are "Man and Nature, whatever is performed by the one, or produced by the other."

Of those institutions in our own country, professing similar objects, it is remarkable, that the most conspicuous were founded amid the din of arms, and in the very heat of our struggle for independence ; affording an honourable illustration of the truth of a maxim, that the love of liberty and that of solid and useful knowledge walk hand in hand.

Philosophy, indeed, is no longer followed as a profession, but in every branch of profitable knowledge, the labourers are many. Freedom of inquiry, aided by facilities in communicating the result of laborious investigation, has already led to valuable improvements in agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. *Civil polity* is in the hands of the *people*...let them look to it ; while science and the whole family of her kindred, may be safely confided to the fostering care of our *Alma Mater*.

Upon you, my brethren, who are still detained in academick groves, it would be superfluous to inculcate emulation. "Verily the reward is great." Slaves to no sect, but followers of all who point the path to truth, let it be your pride, as it is your precious prerogative, like the Eclectick Philosophers, to profit of all the good and discard all the pernicious tenets of ancient or modern times. Like good soldiers in the ranks of *Minerva*, learn to vanquish every obstacle in your march to the fortress of knowledge, and as a motto for your banners, while scaling the ramparts of her citadel, may each individual adopt the inspiration of the Mantuan Muse.

"Tentanda via est quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo ; victorque virum volitare per ora."

"I too will boldly strive my flight to raise,
And wing'd by victory, catch the gale of praise."

Sotheby Trans.

## CRITICISM.

*Translated for the Anthology from the Cours de Literature of La Harpe.*

[Concluded from p. 466.]

Here Narcissus begins to be more at his ease. He wished to sound the soul of Nero : it opens, and he sees, that nature has not cast one sigh, that there is there no remorse, not one sentiment of virtue ; that Nero has done nothing from any regard to his brother, or his mother, or Burrhus, but he only still fears the publick opinion, the last restraint of a perverse and and powerful man, when he has some vanity. Nero has yet a little left ; and it is by this vanity that Narcissus proceeds to get the mastery of him.

NARCISSUS.—And, my lord, do you
follow their caprices for guides ?
Can you expect that they will always be
silent ?
Is it worthy of you to listen to their
discourses ?
Will you bury in oblivion all your own
desires ?
And will you be the only one, you dare
not confide in ?
But, my Lord, the Romans are not
known to you.
No : No : in their discourses they are
more reserved.
So much precaution enfeebles your
government ;
They will soon flatter themselves, that
they deserve to be feared.

*Et prenez vous, seigneur, leurs caprices*
*pour guides ?*
*Avez vous pretendu qu'ils se tairaient tou-*
*jours ?*
*Est-ce à vous de prêter l'orcille à leurs*
*discours ?*
*De vos propres desirs perdrez vous la*
*memoire ?*
*Et serez vous le seul que n'oserez croire ?*
*Mais, seigneur, les Romans ne vous sont*
*pas connus.*
*Non : non : dans leurs discours ils sont*
*plus retenus,*
*Tant de precaution affaiblit votre regne ;*
*Ils croiront, en effet, meriter, qu'on les craigne.*

We see here the most perfidious of all suggestions, and the most effectual with bad princes ; it is, to irritate in them the pride of power. Who can tell how many times adulation has repeated in other terms what is here said by Narcissus. Nothing more remains for him, but to tranquillize Nero, concerning the opinions and discourses of the Romans.

NARCISSUS.—They have long been sub-
jected and reconciled to the yoke ;
They adore the hand that holds them
in chains.
You will find them always ardent to
please you :
Tiberius was even fatigued and disgust-
ed at their prompt servitude.
I myself, clothed only with a borrowed
power,
Which I received from Claudius with
my liberty,
Have a thousand times, in the course
of my past glor
Tempted their patience, but never have
exhausted it.
You dread the turpitude of a poisoning ?
You may cause the brother to perish,
and abandon the sister :
Rome, prodigal of her victims on the
altar,
Even were they innocent, would im-
pute to them crimes.
You will see them mark in their kalen-
der for unfortunate days,
Those, on which both the sister and
brother were born.

*Au joug, depuis long temps, ils se sont fa-*
*çonnés ;*
*Ils adorent la main qui les tient enchaînés.*
*Vous les verrez toujours ardens à vous*
*complaire ;*
*Leur prompt servitude a fatigué Tibere.*
*Moi-même, revêtu d'un pouvoir emprunté*
*Que je reçus de Claude avec la liberté,*
*J'ai cent fois, dans le cours de ma gloire*
*passée,*
*Tenté leur patience, et ne l'ai point lassée.*
*D'un empoisonnement vous craignez la*
*noirceur ?*
*Rome, sur les autels prodiguant les vic-*
*times,*
*Fussent-ils innocens, leur trouvera des*
*crimes.*
*Vous verrez mettre au rang des jours in-*
*fortunés,*
*Ceux où jadis la sœur et le frere sont nés.*

This actually happened after the murder of Agrippina, and the abjection of the Romans is here painted with the nervous fidelity of the pencil of Tacitus. Nero, delivered, not indeed from his scruples but his fears, defends himself no longer but very feebly.

Narcissus, once more, I cannot under-
take it.
I have promised Burrhus ; I could not
but yield to him.
I will not yet, by forfeiting my word to
him,
Give to his virtue arms against me.
I oppose to his arguments a useless
resolution ;
I cannot hear him with a tranquil heart.

*Narcisse, encore un coup, je ne puis l'en-*
*trependre.*
*J'ai promis à Burrhus, il a fallu me*
*rendre.*
*Je ne veux point encore, en lui manquant*
*de foi,*
*Donner à sa virtu des armes contre moi.*

*J' oppose à ses raisons un courage inutile,*
*Je ne l' ecoute point avec un cœur tranquille.*

There remains therefore nothing to destroy, but a remnant of regard for Burrhus, expressed in such a manner, as to shew that the counsels of a virtuous governour press strangely upon Nero, although impatient to throw off every kind of restraint. This is the critical moment to strike the last blow, and Narcissus employs the weapon, so familiar to the profligate, calumny. He attributes to Burrhus, to Seneca, and to all those, who exerted themselves still to restrain the vices of Nero, speeches the most abusive and the most bitter. This artifice of flatterers scarcely ever fails of its effect. They put into the mouth of the man they would destroy, all the contempt, which they feel at the bottom of their own hearts for the master, whom they would deceive.

NARCISSUS.—Burrhus, my Lord, thinks not always as he says ;
His virtue has address enough to preserve his credit ;
Or rather, they have all but one mind.
They would see, by this stroke, their power reduced ;
Then, my lord, you will be free ; and before you
These, your proud masters, will bend like one of us.
What ? can you be uninformed of what they dare to say of you ?
" Nero, if they are to be believed, was not born for empire ;
" He neither says, nor does any thing, but what they prescribe to him :
" Burrhus manages his heart, Seneca his understanding.
" All his ambition, all his singular virtue,
" Is to exult in conducting a chariot in a race ;
" In contending for prizes, unworthy of his hands ;
" In offering himself as a spectacle to the Romans ;
" In exerting his voice upon the theatre ;
" In singing of songs, which he would have adored ;
" While soldiers, from one moment to another,
" Are employed to excite applauses for him."
Ah ! will you not oblige these gentry to be more discreet ?

*Burrhus ne pense pas, Seigneur, tout ce qu'il dit ;*
*Son adroite vertu menage son crédit ;*
*Ou plutot ils n'ont tous qu'une même pensée ;*
*Ils verraient, par ce coup, leur puissance abaissée ;*
*Vous seriez libre alors, seigneur ; et devant vous,*
*Ces maitres orgueilleux flechiraient comme nous.*
*Quoi donc ? ignorez vous tout ce qu'ils osent dire ?*
" *Nero, s'ils en sont crus, n'est point né pour l'empire,*
" *Il ne dit, il ne fait que ce qu'on lui prescrit ;*
" *Burrhus conduit son cœur, Seneque son esprit.*
" *Pour toute ambition, pour virtu singuliere,*
" *Il excelle à conduire un char dans la carriere ;*
" *A disputer des prix indignes de ses mains ;*
" *A se donner luimême en spectacle aux Romains ;*
" *A venir prodiguer sa voix sur un théâtre ;*
" *A reciter des chants qu'il vent qu'on idolâtre ;*
" *Tandis que des soldats, de momens en momens,*
" *Vont arracher pour lui des applaudissemens.*"
*Ah ! ne voulez vous pas, les forcer à se taire ?*

It is impossible that Nero should resist this infernal address. Every word is an arrow, that pierces him : He is taken at once by all his weaknesses : he must surrender.

NERO.—Come, Narcissus, let us consider what we ought to do.

*Viens, Narcisse, allons voir ce que nous devons faire.*

He says not, positively, what course he will pursue ; but we see that his resolution is already taken.

This scene is perhaps the greatest lesson, that the dramatick art ever gave to sovereigns. It is asserted, that the part, which relates to spectacles, made such an impression on Louis the Fourteenth, as to correct him in a habit he had indulged in his youth, of acting on

the stage, in the feasts of the court. This was an affair of small importance; but this scene, well considered, may afford much greater lessons; and for that which relates to the politicks of courts, of which Corneille so often treats, and which Fontenelle, and so many others, pretend to be so superiorly treated in Otho, I think it is here we are to look for it; that there are only a few general strokes in the small number of verses, which are remembered of Otho, a piece moreover, which is now so little read; but that the whole picture is to be found in the parts of Agrippina, of Burrhus, and of Narcissus.

I shall not speak of the beautiful recital of the death of Britannicus, but to observe, it is the only place, in which Racine, equal to Tacitus in all the rest, and we can say nothing greater in its favour, appears to have fallen below him. The design was to paint the different impressions made upon the courtiers, at the moment when Britannicus expires under the operation of poison.

One half of them rush out with shrieks;
But those, who have been longer habituated to the court,
Compose their countenances by the eyes of Cæsar.

Perhaps we should not desire more, if we were not acquainted with the text of Tacitus. At, quibus altior intellectus, resistunt defici, et Cæsarem intuentes. But those who saw further, remain unmoved, with their eyes fixed on Cæsar.

Nothing is more striking than this absolute immobility, in an event of this nature. To remain master of one's self, at a similar spectacle, to such a degree as to have no motion whatever, before observing the motions of the master, is the last effort of the habit of servility, and the true sublime of the spirit of a courtier. It is thus that Tacitus paints; but Racine, in a moment after, equals him again in those verses, which he owes not to imitation.

His crime alone is not the cause of my despair;
His jealousy has been able to arm him against his brother.
But, madam, if I must explain my grief,
Nero saw him expire, without changing his countenance or colour.
His unfeeling eyes have already the steadiness
Of a tyrant, hardened in crimes from his infancy.

*Son crime seul n'est pas ce qui me désespere;*
*Sa jalousie a pu l'armer contre son frere.*
*Mais, s'il vous faut, Madame, expliquer ma douleur,*
*Nero l'a vu mourir sans changer de couleur.*
*Ses yeux indifferens on déjà la constance*
*D'un tyran, dans le crime endurci dès l'enfance.*

What nervous expressions! Such, in a hundred places, is the style of this man, to whom they would allow any thing, but the talent of painting love.

One of the characters of genius, and especially of dramatick genius, is to pass from one subject to another without being at a loss, and to be always the same, without resembling itself. We have seen what an astonishing progress Racine had made, when, notwithstanding the success of *Alexander*, returning by his own energy to nature and himself, he fixed at the age of twenty-seven an epocha, as glorious to France as himself, by offering in *Andromache* a new species of tragedy.

It might have been then said, What a distance between Alexander and Andromache! It might have been said afterwards, What a difference between Andromache

and Britannicus! We pass into a new world, and fable and history are not more remote from each other, than these two pieces. But how, among beauties of so severe a kind, has he been able to place the ingenuous and innocent tenderness of two young lovers, such as Britannicus and Junia, and preserve himself from those inequalities, which have so often wounded us in Corneille? It is because the fate of these two lovers, which interests us, depends constantly on those imposing personages, who move around them; and it is, above all, by the art of intermingling shades, and by the insensible gradation of colour. Junia is only tender with Britannicus; but when she appears before Nero, who offers her the empire, she is not only a faithful lover, but she becomes noble. She refuses the offers of Nero and the throne of the world without affectation, without an effort, and with an affecting modesty. She does not brave Nero, as most other writers would not failed to have made her; she shews no pride in her refusal; she expresses herself in a manner to gain the esteem of Nero, if Nero could esteem virtue, and to move him in favour of Britannicus, if he had been susceptible of any honest and laudable sentiment. He exhorts her to come over to the empire, to forget Britannicus, disinherited by Claudius. She answers,

——He has commanded my affections,
My lord, and I have not pretended to conceal them.
This sincerity no doubt is not very discreet;
But my mouth is always the interpreter of my heart.
Absent from court, I have not thought it necessary,
My lord, to exercise myself in the art of dissimulation.
I love Britannicus; I was destined for him,
When the empire was to have accompanied my marriage.
But those very misfortunes, which have deprived him of it,
His abolished honours, his deserted palace,
The train of a court, which his fall has banished,
Are so many ties, which constrain Junia.
Every thing you see conspires to gratify your desires;
Your days, always bright, pass away in pleasures;
The empire is for you an inexhaustible source,
Where, if any chagrin interrupts the course of them,
The whole world, solicitous to entertain you,
Is eager to divert your attention and memory from it.
Britannicus is alone; whatever anxiety distresses him,
He sees no one but me, who is interested in his lot,
And has for his only consolation those tears,
Which sometimes are sufficient, to make him forget his misfortunes.

——*Il a su me toucher,*
*Seigneur, et je n'ai pas pretendu m'en cacher.*
*Cette sincerité, sans doute, est peu discret;*
*Mais toujours de mon cœur ma bouche est l'interprete.*
*Absente de la cour, je n'ai pas du penser,*
*Seigneur, qu'en l'art de feindre il fallût m'exercer.*
*J'aime Britannicus; je lui fus destinée,*
*Quand l'empire devait suivre son hymênée.*
*Mais ces même malheurs qui l'en ont ecarté,*
*Ses honneurs abolis, son palais deserté,*
*La suite d'une cour que sa chute a bannie,*
*Sont autant de liens qui retiennent Junie.*
*Tout ce que vous voyez, conspire à vos desirs,*
*Vos jours toujours sereins coulent dans les plaisirs;*
*L'empire est pour vous l'inepuisable source,*
*Ou, si quelque chagrin en interrompt la course,*
*Tout l'univers, soigneux de les entretenir,*
*S'empresse à l'effacer de votre souvenir.*
*Britannicus est seul; quelque ennui qui le presse,*
*Il ne voit à son sort que moi, qui s'interesse,*
*Et n'a pour tout plaisir, seigneur, que quelques pleurs*
*Qui lui font quelque fois oublier ses malheurs.*

This firm and decent language, this generous disinterestedness, these tears, which console an unfortunate prince for the throne he has lost, elevate the love of Junia to the dignity of tragedy. She is not humiliated before the master of the world. This is not talking of love for the sake of speaking of it ; it is love, such as we feel it naturally mingled with great interests, and explaining itself in a tone conformable to them. Such is the merit of characteristicks, proper to the subject. This love does not move forcibly, like that of Hermione ; but it pleases, it attaches, it interests ; and this is enough in a work that produces other effects. The essential thing was, that it should not appear misplaced.

Britannicus, surprised by Nero at the feet of his mistress, offers, in truth, a situation which might belong to comedy, as well as to tragedy. But the danger of Britannicus, and the known character of Nero, exalt this situation ; and the scene which results from it, between the two rivals, is a model of dramatick contrasts, in which two opposite characters meet in collision with violence, with one being crushed by the other. The dialogue is perfect ; we there see with pleasure the free and dignified vivacity of a young prince and preferred lover, contend against the ascendancy of supreme rank, and the ferocious pride of a jealous tyrant. The character of Britannicus, and the advantage of pleasing Junia, maintains him in a state of equality before the emperour, and the spectator is always pleased to see unjust power humiliated. It is thus, in this piece, that the interests of policy and of love are balanced, without injury to each other, and that colours so different are tempered, without appearing to obscure each other.

*For the Anthology.*

## THE REMARKER. *No.* 14.

Ἔνιοι δοκοῦσιν αἰσχυνηλίαν μὲν ἀναισχυνλίᾳ φεύγειν ἀγροικίαν δὲ ϛωμολοχίᾳ.

PLUTARCH.

IF that precept of ancient wisdom, which directs us to respect ourselves, were properly attended to, it would have almost as happy an influence upon our manners, as upon morals. Many of those, whom we every day meet with, seem to be so ashamed of their own characters,(though sometimes perhaps the shame may be a false one,) as to be willing to assume almost any mode of behaviour rather than that, which would be sincere and natural. I refer to all those classes of men called wits, odd fellows, poor creatures, and by other similar names, for one common disposition runs through them all. Not indeed affectation, though they assume false appearances, for affectation colours her cheeks and blackens her eye-brows, and would have it pass for nature ; but the disposition, of which I am speaking, intends not deception but concealment, and will be satisfied with any mask however ugly, provided that it will only hide the real features of character.

For myself, I am convinced, that all the buffoonery and incivility, which these men commit, is not from any preconcerted plan to be disagreeable, but merely because they are afraid to act naturally, and to try to behave like gentle-

men. They believe, that they shall fail, and therefore will not make the attempt ; and indeed most of us, when we do not do what we ought, had much rather have it laid to the charge of our disinclination, than of our inability. They cannot make a handsome bow, and therefore walk into a room with their hats on their heads ; they are not able to turn a compliment prettily, and so exercise themselves in saying rude things ; they have no talents to sit still in company with composed faces, and on that account take the first opportunity to distort their features with a laugh ; they cannot help forward conversation, and are therefore on the watch to throw obstructions into its way, such as cavils, and silly speeches, and puns. As to disposition, indeed, these people are very different. Some of them, notwithstanding their incivility, have a great deal of broad good nature, so that, as Beatrice says of Benedict, " men laugh at them and beat them." Others snap, and throw out sparks of fire at every touch, so that it is quite unsafe to come near them carelessly. The first kind is sometimes amusing to persons, who have the taste of the times when jesters were kept for the king's use, and who consequently relish the ridiculous, more than they feel the disgusting—These, therefore, though they are never welcomed with a smile, are sometimes received with a laugh, but are commonly dismissed with but a cold invitation to come again ; for those, who make us smile, not those who make us laugh, are the persons whom we wish to see often.

The minds of these people, however, are affected in different degrees. Some of them have lucid intervals of long continuance, when they talk and behave very much as they ought. Even as to these, however, there is most commonly in their countenance or manner something, which might betray to an observer that their understandings were not perfectly sound. Others discover themselves by a neglect of usual civilities, an assumed ignorance of common customs, an affected absence when in company, and by other similar symptoms. Mad poets are commonly in the last stage of the disease, as was observable in the time of Horace, who describes them (de Arte Poet. l. 455 et seq.) as being avoided by decent people, *vesanum tetigisse timent*, &c. troubled by boys, *agitant pueri*, followed after by imprudent persons *incautique sequuntur ;* and having a propensity to do strange things, such as walking into ditches, perhaps from the love of singularity, *Qui scis an prudens huc se projecerit ?* all which diagnosticks are for the most part to be remarked at the present day.

I confess, I cannot help having a regard for the ruins of human nature and the fragments of valuable qualities, which are sometimes to be discovered in these unhappy persons. I view them with the same species of compassion, that Ulysses looked upon his companions in the cave of Circe. Under their unpleasant and bristly exterior I discover something, which I wish restored to its original dignity, and clothed in the form, which nature intended. That there is a charm, by which this may be done, that there are, as Horace (whom I love to quote) says *verba et voces, quibus lenire dolorem*, I for my part do not doubt. Every one has abilities to be inoffensive, and to be inoffensive, is all that need at first be required of them.

To treat others as we ought however it is necessary, to believe

well of one's self. If we do not put some value on our politeness and on our good will and respect, we shall not think it worth while to exercise the former and discover the latter. There are many, who become impudent through want of confidence, and ridiculous from the dread of being laughed at. Without proper assurance, a man may be impertinent or he may be bashful, but is never modest. It may depend on chance, whether he will be one of those, whom we have been describing, who never blush only, as Shakespeare says, "extempore," or one, whose cheeks shall burn and lips shall quiver, whenever he may attempt to speak; whether he will be a person to pour forth words with the most hard-hearted loquacity, or one who shall have courage to utter only monosyllables, and all whose intellectual wealth, like the money we read of in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, shall vanish away, or turn into leaves and stones in the very moment of use.

There are certain classes of men, who are particularly liable to bashfulness; but these, though they are ignorant and timid subjects of custom, and sometimes suffer from incurring her penalties, must not rebel against her laws. Men of genius, who come into company to observe every thing and to feel every thing, are troubled by a thousand trifles, which the rest of the world do not notice. Persons of retirement too, observe and feel in the same manner, not so much that it is the habit of their minds, as because every thing which presents itself is new and strange. Men of profound study and deep research often suffer vexation from their ignorance of that, which a child could have taught them; and the scholar, who loves to sit alone by the light of a midnight lamp, when he ventures into the noise and glare of an assembly, is confused and dazzled and bewildered and glad to get back with as little notice as possible. But none of these people should distrust their abilities for the common intercourse of life; they should remember, what every one knows, that to be agreeable to others little more is required than good sense and good nature, and that if they will learn *desipere in loco*, to smile and to be cheerful, they may in a little time acquire the art of pleasing. Those to whom we look up, as far above us in the faculties of the mind, have this more especially in their power; it is then little else than the art of condescension; and we are charmed by their becoming our play-fellows, even though they should make a thousand mistakes in the game.

When the light bands of decorum are irritating, it is an easy thing to cast them off; but it is not so easy to assume them again at pleasure. Manners, not decorous nor convenient to our character, by being frequently assumed may become habitual, though not natural. We may trifle ourselves into habits of serious inconvenience, as children by aping in sport the bad tricks of their schoolfellows, at last come to suffer from them as their own. What at first was only pettishness, which it seemed might at any time be laid aside, will ripen perhaps into real illnature; impertinence may harden into brutality; and trifling behaviour sink into confirmed inanity. Indeed, I believe, that most of our bad habits, even including vices, are taken upon us unawares, and that we seldom believe ourselves under their dominion, till it has a long time been apparent to others.

Let no man think it of light

consequence, what may be his manners, for by our manners alone have the greater part of us any power to add to the happiness, or to substract from the misery of others. To diffuse general instruction or delight; to eradicate the diseases, which prey upon our bodies, or to loosen the vices, which corrupt our minds; to take much in any way from the load of wretchedness, which presses upon human life, is the privilege of but very few. Even opportunities for the more weighty active virtues are but seldom in our power, but we may be cheerful, though we cannot be charitable, and mild, though we have no opportunity to be merciful.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### LIFE OF RICHARD BENTLEY, D. D.

[Continued from page 457.]

Τιμιωτατα μεν και πρωτα τα περι την ψυχην αγαθα.

PLATO, de Legib. IV.

IN the following year Thirlby published an edition of Justin Martyr's two apologies, and of his famous dialogue with Tripho, which he dedicated to Lord Craven. Of the scholars who flourished in that age Thirlby was inferiour to few, in point of taste and learning.

The dedication is a wonderful composition. In this species of writing he is *haud ulli secundus!*—second to none; and few are there who can claim an *equal* rank. In the same class may be reckoned Barton's preface to Plutarch's parallel Lives of Demosthenes and Cicero. Such discernment, such fancy, such solid judgment and deep erudition have rarely been seen, nor would it be easy to point out a third, who might complete a triumvirate.

In Thirlby's preface we have frequently been pleased with a sullen truth, which he tells, when he mentions his having found several conjectures in the notes which Davis communicated to him, similar to those which he had before inserted in his own observations: "Do not imagine I shall praise that which is in a great measure my own, or that I shall adopt the custom of criticks, and tell you, that I was rejoiced to find my conjectures confirmed by the authority of so great a man. Believe me, such a concurrence never gave real pleasure. No author ever wishes that the praises, however trifling they may be, which are due to his discoveries, should be snatched from him, or shared by another."

The notes are likewise admirable. No dull comments, no daring assertions, no hazardous conjectures, or tasteless, long-winded remarks upon trifles. He was a first-rate critick, and he entertains by his sprightliness, while he surprises by his learning and acumen. He was Bentley's avowed enemy, and speaks of him with great contempt in some of his notes.

It was asserted, that Dr. Ashton, the Master of Jesus College, assisted Thirlby in this edition, although he lived in habits of friendship with Bentley, and was one of the few whom he honoured with his regard. Such treachery and cowardly conduct would deserve no quarter; but on the other hand it had been said, that Ashton was so far from bestowing any of his notes on Thirlby, that he published a

criticism on his edition in one of the foreign journals. We hope the *latter* is the *true* story.

The edition was mentioned in a poem, which was published about this time, and was intituled, "The Session of the Criticks." After displaying the pretensions of Jortin and others the author adds:

"From his garret, where long he had rusted, came down
*Toby Thirlby*, cocksure that the prize was his own,
Crying, 'Z—d's where's this Bentley? I'll give him no quarter!'
And haul'd out the preface to his fam'd *Justin* Martyr."

In this year Wasse published a copy of Greek Trochaicks, addressed to Bentley, on his edition of Horace. These were inserted in Jebb's *Bibliotheca Literaria**, and were followed by a long and, indeed, tedious Latin elegy, addressed likewise to our critick, and on the same subject. In all probability, Bentley was not much flattered by these compositions. In the Greek the laws of Prosedy and of the Trochaick measure are frequently violated. Wasse, however was a good scholar, but possessed more learning than taste, and more reading, perhaps, than judgment. His acquaintance with books was very extensive, and his memory must have been uncommonly tenacious, for Jortin affirmed as we have been told, that he never knew any man who could cite authorities for words and phrases from the Greek and Latin writers with so much promptitude and accuracy as Wasse.

As the editor of Sallust and Thucydides, Wasse is well known

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* Of this work, which is scarce, see some account in Nichols's Anecdotes of the Life of Bowyer. To this entertaining work we are indebted for the quotation from the Session of Criticks.

to the literary world. Besides his notes on these authors, and his papers, in the *Bibl. Literaria*, he wrote little. There is, however, in the Philosophical Transactions, an account of an earthquake by him, which is little known. His death happened while Taylor was writing his Lectiones Lysiacæ, in which he has inserted a short eulogium of this great scholar, by which it appears that he was much valued by his learned contemporaries. As to his erudition, no doubts can be ascertained, as besides his labours as a commentator, Bentley said, as it is reported, that after his own death Wasse would be the most learned man in England.

Dr. Bentley, as far as we have heard, took no *publick* notice of Thirlby, or the attack, in his notes on Justin Martyr, whatever might have been his private sentiments. He had relinquished all thoughts of publishing the Greek Testament, but yet he still pursued his favourite pursuits, and spent his time in preparing an edition of Terence.

His enemies now seemed weary of attacking him, and he enjoyed a temporary quiet, free from their molestations. About this period, however, at the Cambridge assizes, when Bentley was summoned into court, as a Justice of Peace for the county, the crier styled him Richard Bentley, Doctor in Divinity. The Vice-chancellor, who was present, immediately reprimanded him, and said, "*There is no such person!*" The judge, finding that his name stood in the roll, under that description, ordered the crier to repeat the call, and added, that the court would not be influenced by academical acts, in opposition to a commission under the great seal.

At the publick commencement in the year 1725, on July the 6th, Dr. Bentley delivered publickly a La-

an oration, on the creation of seven Doctors of Divinity. In this speech there is a high panegyrick on the House of Hanover, in which some of the compliments are elegant and polished. But in his description of the ceremony, the explanations of the symbols used at creation are frequently puerile. The Latinity is admirable, and the whole abounds in passages of uncommon merit.

In 1726, appeared a new edition of Terence, Phedrus, and the *Sententiæ* of Publius Syrus, with the notes and corrections of Richard Bentley. It was printed at Cambridge, and in the *Italick* character, which circumstance, in our opinion, is far from adding to the value or beauty of the book. It contains the entire notes of Faernus, who examined the most ancient manuscripts of Terence, and was dedicated to Prince Frederick, who was afterwards Prince of Wales.

After a short advertisement, which merely relates the contents of the volume, follows a very learned dissertation on the metres of Terence, in which he has proved the whole of the plays to have been written in verse. This treatise, which has been justly praised by the elegant Harris, in his *Philological Inquiries*, seems in great measure to have laid the foundation for the canon, or rule, which Dawes establishes in his *Miscellanea Critica*, with respect to the syllables in Greek poetry, which are to be distinguished by an *ictus* or *beat*. At the same time, he affects to speak slightly of Bentley's labours, and exalts his own. But we must proceed, as we cannot at present allow room for the discussion of this subject; and will only add, that the common mode of reading *Iambick* verse appears to us the most eligible.

In this edition, there are many passages which Bentley has corrected with a happy sagacity. His notes on the three authors are short and less ostentatious, and his emendations less violent, than those on Horace. Many of his corrections of Phedrus have received their just tribute of applause, and been admitted into the the text by the learned Gabriel Brotier, in his edition of this writer, whose fables he elegantly styles, *Primas juventutis delicias, extrema senectutis solatia, media ætatis oblectamenta.* His emendation of one of the verses of Publius Syrus we will give as a specimen:

"*Amissum quod nescitur, non amittitur.*"

The copies have *dimissum*, which is undoubtedly wrong, for what is bestowed willingly, or taken by force, must be known. *Amissum* is certainly the true reading: as in a rich house,

"*Ubi multa supersunt,*
*Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus.*"

This emendation is ingenious and plausible. The same sentiment occurs in Shakespeare's Othello:

"He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
"Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all."

Bentley inserted all his corrections in the text; but he frequently trusts too much to conjecture. In his notes he defends and explains the new readings. Many of his emendations on Terence were found in the manuscripts of this author by Westerhovius, and inserted in his edition. In the preface, however, he tells us, that a critick would, indeed, merit the title of *Magnus Apollo*, who should present to the world a *genuine* Terence, amid such a variety of lections, and such confused versification.

When an author publishes a book, he immediately affords his enemies apportunity of avenging any injuries which they have received. This was strongly exemplified after the appearance of Dr. Bentley's Terence, previous to which he had quarrelled with Dr. Hare, his former friend, adviser, and panegyrist. The origin of their dispute has been thus related:

After Lord Townshend had established the professorship for modern languages and history in both the Universities, and appointed the preachers, from their younger clergy at Whitehall, he proposed that a pension of a thousand pounds a year should be given toDr.Bentley, upon condition that he would publish some editions of the classicks, for the use of the Royal grandchildren. No time was to be stipulated, or any manner prescribed. The whole was to be managed as the Doctor wished, and as his leisure permitted.

Hare was chosen to settle the business between Lord Townshend and Dr. Bentley. But when the matter was nearly brought to a conclusion, the envious and malignant suggestions of some enemy, whom Bentley supposed to be Hare, put an end to the whole negociation.

Instead of an annual establishment and publications *suo arbitrio*, the negociator now brought intelligence that Lord Townshend proposed that Dr. Bentley should receive a certain sum for every sheet. He immediately rejected the offer with disdain, and refused to enter into any engagement with persons who distrusted his honour: "I wonder Dr. Hare, you should bring me such a proposal,who have known me so long and so well. What! if I had no regard to their honour, or to my own, would there be any difficulty in filling *sheets*? Tell them I will have nothing to do with them."

Dr. Bentley never afterwards placed any confidence in Hare, as he knew him to be the suggester of the last scheme. He chose *dissuere amicitiam, non disrumpere.* When Hare published his Terence, which is now seldom mentioned, he dedicated it to Lord Townshend, in whose favour he undermined Bentley; and gave some remarks on the metres of his author, which he had *stolen* from his learned friend in the course of conversation. With these assistances, he produced his Terence, which the Italick character, and the multitude of accentual marks render very disagreeable to the reader.

When Bentley perceived, that he had himself armed his adversary, by that spirit of communication which always shewed itself, when he perceived taste or genius, learning,or even curiosity, in any inquirer, he determined to bring out his own edition, with the utmost expedition. He sent over to Holland for the types with which the book was printed, and allowed himself only a week to digest the notes on each of the comedies. This at least was his own account. He added Phedrus also to this edition, because he knew that Hare proposed to publish that author.

Such is the history of Bentley's Terence. He had no apprehensions about success, though Hare had attempted to anticipate his plans; but his antagonist immediately gave up his views, as to publishing Phedrus. The *cause* of this quarrel was not generally known; but the effect which it produced was sufficiently publick, for in the year after Bentley's Terence was printed appeared an *E-*

*pistola Critica,* which contained an examination of Bentley's notes on Phedrus, by Hare, whose resentment was greatly heightened by finding his name was not once mentioned by the Doctor, in his edition. A *survey* of the Terence was promised, but probably without any intention of performance. Dr. Salter has observed, that Hare had too high and too just an opinion of his former friend's abilities and learning to hazard his reputation with such a literary disputant. For with regard to the annotations on these authors,and with regard to the metrical disquisitions, Bentley appeared even with greater advantages in the contest, than the learned Bishop of London did, when he attacked Hare's arrangements of the Hebrew measures.

*To be continued.*

*For the Monthly Anthology.*

## SILVA. No. 20.

Frutetis et arboribus dilapsa folia.—PLIN.

### JOSEPH FAWCETT.

IT is my common practice, after returning from church on Sundays, to read a sermon or a chapter in the bible. To render the task of perusing theological lectures as pleasant as may be, I have recourse to variety. If I want sermons which elucidate the scriptures, I consult Dr. S. Clarke. If I seek an exposure of ecclesiastical abuses, the historick and lively Jortin is best adapted to my purpose. If I need the bitter pill of repentance, and wish at once to be disciplined and consoled, I open the judicious Doddridge or the seraphick Watts. But if I would feast my eyes with lessons of virtue in their enchanting forms, decked with the plumes of a fine imagination, and soaring aloft in an expansive sky, Fawcett is the author I most greedily seize and longest retain. I am not certain, that his eloquence is exactly proper to the pulpit, nor would I choose my own minister should feed me habitually with such delicious dishes. Plain roast-beef and plumb-pudding sermons are probably easiest of digestion, yield the most wholesome nutriment, and are in regular succession perhaps the most agreeable to the taste. I confess however that I should be well pleased to hear occasionally this preacher, whose style of delivery, a gentleman told me the other day, is equally splendid as that of his writing.

—

### DESCRIPTION OF HELL.

A future state was believed and taught among the Danes and Saxons, prior to the introduction of christianity into the isle of Britain. They called the place of punishment Nistheim, or the abode of evil, where Hela dwelt ; whose palace was anguish ; her table, famine ; her waiters, expectation and delay ; the threshold of her door, precipice ; her bed, leanness ; and her looks, terrour.

—

### CAUSE OF THE PATHETICK.

It was wont to be jocularly said of a Mr. Lockhart, a celebrated pleader at the British bar, during the last century, that the amount of his honorarium, or fee, could be easily discovered in his countenance : for, if handsome, he appeared deeply affected at the justice of his client's case ; but if

unexpectedly great, he regularly melted into tears.

—

### SOCIETY.

Man is inconsiderable by his single exertions : it is only by uniting his efforts with those of his species that he produces any thing of consequence. The bee is a small insect, and the ant still smaller, yet by association they build themselves a name and a monument more valuable, than the solitary lion is able to boast.

—

### CIGARRS.

In face of a host of arguments our literary loungers contumaciously insist on being indulged the gratification of tickling their noses and burning their tongues. If you allege that the practice is vulgar and democratick, you are answered, Sir W. Raleigh is equally famous as a man of fashion and philosopher, as for his habit of smoking. Should you object to them the ladies' dislike to the practice, they tell you, that queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory, was fond of a pipe, and used humorously to say, that *all the pleasures of the evening ended in smoke.* If lastly you oppose to it kingly authority, urging that James I. wrote a treatise *against the smoking of base tobacco*, the smokers will reply, we burn none but what is *good.*

—

### DOMESTICK PLEASURES.

Abroad men sometimes pass for more, and sometimes for less, than they are worth. The politician rolls himself up like a hedge-hog before strangers ; but in private he shoots his quills. Tiberius was celebrated by those who did not know him ; but his rhetorical tutor hesitated not to pronounce him *Luto et sanguine maceratum.* Liberty and leisure develope character. It is in the domestick circle, in the family parlour, in his gown and slippers, in giving orders to his servants, that a man is thoroughly seen. Here he acts without disguise or restraint. Here he assumes no unnatural airs of importance, but calmly lays aside his foreign manners, and all his extravagant pretensions. Whether accustomed to rule in the senate, to expound in the desk, or to contend in the field, he claims no privilege from his factitious consequence, when he enters his own mansion. The tenderness of a wife instantly arches his brow, and he gladly exchanges the robe or the sword, the high-toned voice and the stately port, for the prattle of his children, and the puerilities and sports of the hearth. Here, unpinioned by fashion, he acknowledges the dominion of nature, and neither a stranger nor a bachelor intermeddleth with his joy.

He will not blush that has a father's heart,
To take in childish play a childish part :
But bends his sturdy neck to any toy,
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy.

—

### BEAUTY AND VIRTUE.

Not gardens, houses, dress, equipage, nor human faces, nor the finest exhibitions of nature or of art, are alone entitled to be denominated beautiful, as the excellent Francis Hutcheson has proved, in his inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue. But no where is the comparison between the grandeur of natural objects, and the superiour sublimity of moral actions, more boldly drawn than in these lines of Akenside.

Look then abroad through nature to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,

Wheeling, unshaken, through the void immense ;
And speak, O man ! does this capacious scene,
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots ; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail !
For lo ! the tyrant prostrate in the dust !
And Rome again is free. . . . . .

—

ART OF READING.

To read, says M. Reytaz, is not to collect letters and syllables ; it is not to pronounce words and sentences ; it is to represent the thoughts of a discourse in their appropriate colours. It is to blend the different passages in such a manner, as not to injure each other ; but, on the contrary, to give to each mutual strength and assistance. It is to distinguish by the accent, what is only argumentative, from what is pathetick and oratorical ; it is to discern any important end in a sentence, in order to detach it from the rest, and express it without affectation, and without the appearance of design ; it is to convey the idea, rather than the expressions, the sentiments rather than the words ; it is to follow the impulse of the discourse in such a manner, that the delivery may be quick or slow, mild or impetuous, according to the emotions it should excite.

—

POPE.

Attached to the thread of every man's life is a little medal, whereon his name is inscribed, which *Time*, waiting on the shears of *Fate*, catches up, as it falls from the inexorable steel, and bears to the river *Lethe ;* into which, were it not for certain birds, flying about its banks, it would be immediately immerged. But these seize the medals ere they fall, and bear them for a while up and down in their beaks with much noise and flutter ; but careless of their charge, or unable to support it, they most of them soon drop their shining prey one after another into the oblivious stream. Nevertheless, among these heedless carriers of fame, are a few swans, who, when they catch a medal, convey it carefully to the temple of Immortality, where it is consecrated. These swans of late have been *raræ aves*. What innumerable names have been dropped into the dark stream of Oblivion, for one that has been consecrated in the temple of Immortality !— The name of Alexander Pope there shines conspicuous.

—

SWANS.

The swan never frequents the Padus, nor the banks of the Cayster in Lydia, each of them a stream celebrated by the ancient poets for the resort of swans. Horace calls Pindar *Dircæum Cignum*, and, in another ode, supposes himself changed into a swan.

Virgil speaks of his poetical brethren in the same manner.

*Vere*, tuum nomen.———
Cantantes sublime ferent ad sidera cygni.

When he speaks of them figuratively, he gives to them a power of melody ; but when he refers to them as a naturalist, he gives them their natural uncouth sound.

Dant sonitum *rauci* per stagna loquacia cygni.

The swan seldom is heard except when on the wing, and its notes

then have no inconsiderable affinity to those of the owl.

Milton's description of the swan is as beautiful, as almost any found among the ancient writers, notwitstanding their great partiality to this bird.

..... The swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
Her state with wary feet.

I find by an act of Edw. IV. c. 6. "no one, possessing a freehold of less clear yearly value than five marks, shall be permitted to keep swans, other than the son of our sovereign lord the king."

And in such high estimation were they then had in England, that by II. Henry VIII. c. 17. the punishment for taking their eggs was "*imprisonment for a year and a day, and to be fined at the king's good pleasure.*"—It seems they are not quite so highly valued by those who resort to Hudson's Bay, and annually kill about three or four thousand, which are salted, pickled, and sold for "*very good sea stores.*"

—

### FALSE WIT.

Amongst the false wit of the 17th century, the writing of *billets doux*, in the shape of shovels and tongs, acrosticks, riddles, rebusses, &c. &c. &c. the *Palindromus* holds as good a claim to ridicule as any. Camden, I think, refined upon this species of literature, and made the Palindromick muse go backward as well as forward—for instance:

"Odo tenet mulum, madidam mappam tenet Anna.
Anna tenet mappam madidam, mulum tenet Odo."

The ingenious reader may now read it forward, and when he has done thus, he will be convinced he might as well have read it backward.

—

### MILO OF CROTONA.

The champion who most distinguished himself in the Olympick Games, in the Palé, at wrestling, according to Pausanias, was Milo of Crotona; he gained no less than six Olympick, and as many Pythian crowns. There are so many instances of the prodigious strength of this famous wrestler, and most of them so well known, that it would be as endless as impertinent to cite them. But I cannot forbear producing one, as remarkable for the singularity, as the issue of the experiment. Milo, to give a proof of his astonishing power, used to take a *pomegranate*, which, without squeezing or breaking, he held so fast by the mere strength of his fingers, that no person was able to take it from him—"*nobody but his mistress*," says Elian. But however weak he may have been with regard to the fair sex, his superiour force was universally acknowledged by men, as will appear in the following

### EPIGRAM.

"When none adventur'd in th' Olympick sand,
The might of mighty Milo to withstand;
Th' unrivall'd chief advanc'd to seize the crown,
But mid the triumph, slipt unwary down.
The people shouted, and forbade bestow
The wreath on him who fell without a foe.
But, rising in the midst, he stood and cried,
Do not *three* falls the victory decide?
Fortune, indeed, hath giv'n me one, but who
Will undertake to throw me t'other two?"

*For the Anthology.*

Scribimus indocti,..... HOR. EPIST.

WE should do injustice to our country to deny, that she is prolifick in authors. Were we to judge of the progress of the mind by the number of works, which daily issue from the press, we might congratulate ourselves on living in this enlightened age, when the weakness of humanity no longer presents obstacles to the march of reason, and when authors compose with as much facility as they print their works. We cannot complain of want of novelty on any subject. Some quit the loom and spindle to wield the historick pen; others wander from the circle of domestick duties, or the routine of mechanick life, among the illusions of a heated imagination, mistaking her distorted features for the scenery of nature; or are humbly contented to glean the sprigs of laurel, which have fallen from the brow of genius. Even the stall of the cobbler is metamorphosed into the workshop of the muses, and its inhabitant is occupied in the double employment of manufacturing leather and fabricating verses. Conversation, one would imagine, would afford a convenient channel to this superfluity of wit; and that these minds, contented with the homage of a circle of sycophants, more ignorant than themselves, who echo all their thoughts and imitate all their actions, would never burthen the publick with their crude ideas, nor seek to gain a height, which their feeble pinions were never meant to reach. But it is the prerogative of folly to proclaim her character to the world; and, unfortunately, the press is too often made the herald of her presence. From this corrupted source daily flow those streams of false taste and literary absurdity, which have inundated the republick of letters. Like the rich ornaments of a mausoleum, the splendid outside of their works covers a mere *caput mortuum*. Mistaking verbosity of expression for fecundity of thought, and the strainings of a witless brain for the deductions of reason, we may say with the poet,

They write on all things, but on nothing well.

But we leave these authors, and cannot wish them a greater punishment while in this world, than to be continually surrounded by their own works, the monuments of their ignorance and vanity.

Love of method is discoverable in all our actions. This principle is even extended to works of the mind and imagination, and we anticipate with as much pleasure the developement of it in a literary composition, as we expect it illustrated in a piece of mechanism. Fine writing therefore, to produce a permanent interest, must discover that, in the conduct of the whole, order as well as beauty has been consulted. The mind is often amused by the vagaries of the imagination, or hurried along by the aberrations of genius, but she returns with pleasure to dwell on the works of those authors, who gratify the taste without offending the judgment. The art of fine writing is acquired by degrees. Avec quelque talent, says Rousseau, qu'on puisse être né, l'art d'écrire ne s'apprend pas tout d'eu

coup. Literary excellence is not the effect of an accidental ray of genius, nor of a momentary glow of enthusiasm ; the former must be tempered by industry, the latter by judgment. The mind must struggle with her new ideas, and, by reiterated efforts, reduce them to order and arrange them with taste. Man is born with an unwrought mine within him ; and, while he extracts the golden ore and refines the precious metal, he gives acumen to the very instruments, with which he works.

No maxim perhaps has done more injury to the cause of letters, than that, by which a writer is directed to feel his subject, before he attempts its expression. We are led to believe, that if the sacred flame can once be produced, the whole composition will glow with an equal warmth, and that this excitement of mind will naturally be followed by a correct view of the subject, a just arrangement of parts, and a perspicuous and elegant language. Instead therefore of suffering the mind tranquilly to pursue her train of ideas, and by patience and perseverance to arrange them in a lucid order and clothe them in a just expression, an artificial warmth is excited, by which they are expanded into bombast, or dissipated into " thin air." The mind of a writer must ever be at ease and, like the Alps, tower sublime and unmoved amid the conflict of the passions. No modern writer perhaps discovers more warmth of imagination or rapidity of conception than Rousseau. His success in letters however was the consequence of the unwearied exertion of a superiour mind. Je les consacrais, says he in speaking of his works, les insomnies de mes nuits. Je meditais dans mon lit, à yeux fermés et je tournois et rétournois mes periodes, dans ma tête, avec des peines incroyables. His works are composed with such spirit and enthusiasm, that we are disposed to imagine he never took up the pen, but when he glowed with those transports, with which he agitates the bosoms of his readers. It was, however, only by preserving a free and tranquil mind, that he was able so successfully to combine in his works every circumstance, which could add strength to his ideas, or elegance to his composition. In the imitative and mechanical arts we find that, independent of peculiar talents, success is generally proportional to the degree of labour bestowed on their objects ; and may not the observation be extended to the art of writing ? Is the exertion of mind in the latter less, because its powers are differently directed ? or does it require less genius and industry to perfect a literary work, than is developed in the production of a painting, or a statue ? A genius like Raphael, before he commits his images to the canvas, selects from the materials, which his imagination had collected from the works of nature ; he contrasts, combines, disposes of his light and shade ; he varies with judgment and groups with taste, till having breath'd over the whole the charm of ideal beauty, he seizes the pencil and with patient industry gradually gives to the fleeting visions of his imagination the permanence of real existence. But this is not the effect of mere impulse. It is the creation of genius, aided by study and developed by industry. Hence also the writer, ambitious of literary fame, is convinced with Pope, that

> True ease in writing comes from art,
> not chance.

Like the painter, he attends to what may be termed the mechanical part

of composition. After the acquisition of ideas, which have been strengthened by reflection and chastened by purity of taste, he submits them to a correct arrangement and embodies them in a perspicuous and harmonious expression. From their continued attention to these three constituents, thoughts, arrangement, and style, results the interest with which the works of some authors are read. We are hurried along by a pleasing violence, and mistake the effect of the taste, the judgment, and the profound exertions of the writer, for the unaffected, spontaneous flow of nature. We seize the pen with a desire to imitate, but soon resign it in despair, convinced how near the perfection of art and the effusions of nature approach each other. These are the authors one delights to read. These are the sublime souls, that seem to have caught a ray of inspiration from heaven to conduct their fellow mortals through mazes of error, to the sacred bowers of eternal truth and happiness.

The ancients, more honest than the moderns, acknowledged the difficulty of acquiring the art of writing well. They never imagined, that tardiness of composition necessarily implied poverty of ideas, nor that application damped the mental flame. They preferred the steady blaze of intellect to a meteorous brilliancy, which expires in the effort that gave it birth. For examples we might mention the poet Euripides, who was employed three days in the composition of as many verses; and the orator Isocrates, whose Attick taste found exercise for ten years on a single oration. The illustrious Cicero could not pen even a familiar epistle, without bestowing on it a degree of labour, which the economy of our modern writers would hardly expend on an octavo. The author of the Æneid was twenty-seven years in perfecting that beautiful mental fabrick, which, like the Grecian temples, happily combines simplicity with grandeur, and dignity with taste. Even some of the moderns have been convinced of this truth. The celebrated author of "Les Lettres Provinciales" records, that he was agitated ten whole days in fixing the signification of a single word. The whole life of the musing Gray afforded the world, but a small bouquet of intellectual flowers, and even some of these were culled from the rich fields of ancient literature. These examples are sufficient to prove, that by those, who have most excelled in literary composition, fine writing has been considered an art, the acquirement of which depended on a profound and continued exertion of intellect. Ideas undoubtedly form the first object of attention, but language, though a subordinate, is still an essential part. Indeed the effect of the former results, in a great degree, from the character of the latter. It is by the union of these, that the enraptured soul is fired by

> "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

We cannot but admire, therefore, the pains that our authors take to send forth to the world their imbecile productions, which survive but a day, and then lie dusty and neglected on the bookbinder's shelf, till they are transported, with other literary trash, to the pastry cook's or the trunkmaker's. To these writers, thus infected with the *cacoethes scribendi*, we would recommend the observation of an ancient painter, who, when he was accused of tardiness of execution, replied, Diu pingo, quum in æternum pingo.

PHILAUTHOS.

# POETRY.

*For the Monthly Anthology.*

DOMINI,

Si hic fioseulus, in vestrâ Anthologiâ positus, boni aliquid vel *naribus* vel *oculis* haberet, inserite, ac alios mittam.

AD

JULIUM,

ACADEMIAM PRO MERCATURA LINQUENTUM.

Eheu ! quam miseri sunt Avaritiæ
Servi, matris atræ sordis et asperæ ;
Sulcatæ assiduo pondere, tempora,
Aurati diadematis.

Vidi, eheu ! miseros, Lucifero duce,
Privatim numerantes gravis annulos
Fulgentisque catenæ ; venientis ab
Pallentesque pedis metu.

Juli, in hoc numerari grege sordido,
Musis perpetuò, visne, rejectus ab ?
Dic, tantum unde venit, dic, capiti tuo,
Hoc desiderium opum ?

Merces, Virgilii, judice Julio,
Apparet melior versibus optimis ?—
Vasto in gurgite avarûm i, puer ebrius,
Vestrûm oblivius ac tui. LUCIUS.

*For the Monthly Anthology.*

PASTORAL.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas ! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.——VIRGIL.

BETWEEN those sister elms with ivy hoar
Peeps out the simple cottage of the poor ;
How green before the door that clover-lawn !
How sweet the hedges smell of fragrant thorn !
How pure that brook limps o'er its pebbly bed,
'Tween banks of thyme where willows hang the head,
And linnets build, and fly from spray to spray,
And warble wild their song the livelong day.

On yonder hills, that skirt the eastern sky,
When morn begins to peer with prudish eye,
Scarce gilds the mists, that cloud the fuming rill,
Or tips the foam, that breaks beside the mill,
Forth from *this* dwelling hies the early swain,
And, whistling, field-ward drives his lagging wain.
No wants are his by restless greatness felt,
No studious lids his little taper melt,
Regardless he, howe'er the world may fare,
So timely crops repay his honest care.

Oft have I view'd in still and sultry hours,
All loosely spread beneath his native bowers,
While herds around the flowery pasture took,
This vacant shepherd, sleeping on his crook.
How lightly here methought his moments flew,
Remov'd from noisy fame and publick view ;

No seeming friend beside his bosom laid,
But faithful WATCH who guards the checker'd shade;
No fawning slave who waits Ambition's word,
With crimson hand to flesh the murderous sword.
His tuneful groves that gratulate the dawn,
The flocks that wander o'er the peaceful lawn,
And smiling Spring, her hair with cowslips bound,
From rosy fingers strewing fragrance round;
While cooling Zephyr sports on gelid wings,
Skims o'er the plain and through the greenwood sings,
Shakes liquid pearl from off the nodding sheaf,
Or whispering plays on aspen's twinkling leaf.

When Day retiring fires the glowing west
With broken clouds, that round his forehead rest,
When moping owlets quit the mouldering tower,
And widow'd turtles moan in lonely bower,
When hill and tree a lengthen'd shadow throw,
And mournful Evening comes in weeds of wo,
Returning home the swain with pleasure eyes,
In wreaths fantastick climbing through the skies,
The smoke from out his little cabin creep,
Which trees imbowering veil in umbrage deep.
In 'kerchief clean and speckl'd apron gay,
His Mary speeds to meet him on the way;
While round in breathless haste his children press,
And fondly struggle for the first caress.

And through the naked woods when cold winds blow,
And chirping sparrows nestle in the snow,
While on the bush the slender 'cicles hang,
And bitter Winter bites with icy fang,
Beside the cleanly hearth, where faggots sing,
And through the room a social brightness fling,
Amid the group he sits with marvelling gaze,
Listening the fearful tales of gothick days;
How spectres groaning stalk'd their dusky round
With saucer eyes, in charnel garments wound;
How once in ruin'd castle, strange to tell,
At waste of midnight toll'd the northern bell;
Where none at evening e'er so stout durst stray,
Lest gliding ghost should cross his blasted way.
If chance with passing breeze the casement jar,
All trembling huddle round the speaker's chair.

Thus flow his hours harmonious, tranquil, clear,
While pleasures vary with the varying year.....
Here would I lose the world without a sigh,
And wish my humbler bones inturf'd to lie.

PETER PASTORAL.

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*To the Editors of the Monthly Anthology.*

GENTLEMEN,

If the following be too trifling for insertion in the Anthology, it is requested, that it may be laid by without notice.

### ON LISTENING TO A CRICKET.

I LOVE, thou little chirping thing,
To hear thy melancholy noise;
Though thou to fancy's ear may sing,
Of summer past, and fading joys.

Thou canst not now drink dew from flowers,
Nor sport along the traveller's path,
But through the winter's weary hours,
Shall warm thee at my lonely hearth ;

And when my lamp's decaying beam,
But dimly shews the letter'd page,
Rich with some ancient poet's dream;
Or wisdom of a purer age,

Then will I listen to thy sound,
And musing o'er the embers pale,
With whitening ashes strewed around,
The forms of memory unveil ;

Recal the many-coloured dreams,
That fancy fondly weaves for youth,
When all the bright illusion seems
The pictured promises of truth.

Perchance, observe the faithful light
Send its faint flashes round the room,
And think some pleasures feebly bright
May lighten thus life's varied gloom.

I love the quiet midnight hour,
When care and hope and passion sleep,
And reason with untroubled power
Can her late vigils duly keep ;

I love the night ; and sooth to say,
Before the merry birds, that sing
In all the glare and noise of day,
Prefer the cricket's grating wing.

But see ! pale Autumn strews her leaves,
Her withered leaves, o'er nature's grave,
While giant Winter she perceives
Dark rushing from his icy cave ;

And in his train the sleety showers,
That beat upon the barren earth ;
Thou, cricket, through these weary hours
Shall warm thee at my lonely hearth.

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*For the Monthly Anthology.*

GENTLEMEN,

Several susceptible youths of your city having been lately employed in making *woeful* ballads to their mistress' eye-brow, it entered my noddle to attempt something after their manner upon the interesting object of my tenderest attachments,....Dolly.

### EPISTLE TO DOLLY.

FROM the dark gulf of comfortless despair
Oh suffer me, thou Empress of my soul,
With trembling hand and gizzard* titillating,
And heart that beats in unison with yours,
Like some twin cherry, by sweet zephyr mov'd,
Jostling in concert with its ruby brother,
To write to you, your sex's nonpareil.

....

* *Lately discovered.*

Those gooseberry eyes with emerald lightnings big,
Beaming sublime like barn-door in the morn,
Have burnt thy Neddy's heart just like, forsooth,
A crisp pork-chop upon a gridiron.
Oh, oh those pouting cherry lips of thine,
Where little cherubim and seraphim
Dance sportive to thy throat's wild melody:
Oh Dolly Dumpling, Dolly Dumpling oh!
Deign, deign to squint one ray of love divine
Into my tender bosom, greenlandiz'd
With cold disdain and Lapland iciness.
Paint to yourself my restless form laid prone
In sheets of linen or of cotton made,
There thinking on thy angel mien I toss in pain,
Turning now on this, and then on t'other side,
My throbbing heart the while with forceful beat
Striving to break my ribs and 'scape to thee.
So have I often seen some hapless goose,
In farmer's yard by cruel coop pent in,
Reckless of life beat hard against the slats,
And strive in vain to gain the gabbling flock.

How pleasant sitting at my cottage door
To view at eve the sun's declining ray,
Soft sliding through the mountain's blushy brow;
To hear the vacant laugh of honest steed,
The beehive's buzz, and courting pigeon's coo.
When toil is o'er, and stretch'd upon the turf,
How sweet to view our little playful lambs
Bound like grasshoppers in a field of hay;
And when our pretty little brindle cow,
Before the wicker gate with meekest look,
Shall ask our pliant hands her teats to squeeze,
How will your Neddy and his Dolly dear,
With each a milking-pail and each a stool,
Express the streams of sweet nectareous dew,
That Gods shall wish to be like *I* and *You*.

NEDDY NITRE.

---

*For the Anthology.*

## LINES WRITTEN AT SEA AFTER A STORM.

THE faithless waves I'll trust no more,
Nor fickle winds, nor baleful skies;
Return me to my native shore,
My heart in every danger cries.

But praise to him, who rules the wave!
His hand, that wields the lightning's spear,
Outstretch'd has kindly been to save,
His ear has ever heard my prayer.

If thou restore me to my native land,
To thee I will devote my days;
Withdraw not thy protecting hand,
But guide me thro' temptation's maze. N.

## *SELECTIONS.*

...

[We anticipate the smiles and the thanks of our readers for the extracts, which follow from Montgomery's poems. Had it been in our power, the present bouquet should have been enlarged; but we love to be sparing of fragrance and flowers, and, surely, a daisy and snow-drop will suffice for October. There is a harmony in some of his lines, which is exquisite to a musical ear; and his figures and combinations indicate, that he is no copyist. His future productions will entitle him to an honourable rank. He has already written poems, which are consecrated to durable preservation in the brilliant and mighty mass of English poetry. But probably his prophecy is superiour to his fulfilment, and we are willing to believe, that his future greatness will advance beyond the just exactness of present anticipation. He is now a little Iulus; by and by he will reign on the throne of his forefathers. His general merit will be acknowledged by all; but difference of opinion begins with comparison. We do not pretend to decide his relative excellence, or the school, to which he belongs. We love to dwell on the purity of the 'snow-drop,' which is better than oxslips and wild thyme; and the 'field flower,' too, has perfume and tints, which are superiour to aromats and dyes from Ethiopia.]

### A FIELD FLOWER;

*On finding one in full bloom on Christmas Day*, 1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder Beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis FLORA's page:——In every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

### THE SNOW DROP.

WINTER! retire,
Thy reign is past;
Hoary Sire!
Yield the sceptre of thy sway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,
And call thy storms away;
Winter! retire;
Wherefore do thy wheels delay?
Mount the chariot of thine ire,
And quit the realms of day;

On thy state
Whirlwinds wait ;
And blood-shot meteors lend thee
light ;
Hence to dreary arctick regions ;
Summon thy terrifick legions ;
Hence to caves of northern night
Speed thy flight.

From halcyon seas
And purer skies,
O southern breeze !
Awake, arise :
Breath of heaven ! benignly blow,
Melt the snow ;
Breath of heaven ! unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,
The freshening gale
Embalms the vale,
And breathes enchantment thro' the
air :
On its wing
Floats the Spring,
With glowing eye, and golden hair :
Dark before her Angel-form
She drives the Demon of the storm,
Like Gladness chasing Care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo ! the young romantick hours
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the SNOW-DROP white
Start to light,
And shine in FLORA's desart bowers,
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The Morning Star of Flowers !

O welcome to our Isle,
Thou Messenger of Peace !
At whose bewitching smile
The embattled tempests cease :
Emblem of Innocence and Truth !
First-born of Nature's womb,
When strong in renovated youth,
She bursts from Winter's tomb ;
Thy Parent's eye hath shed
A precious dew-drop on thine head,
Frail as a mother's tear,
Upon her infant's face,
When ardent hope to tender fear,
And anxious love, gives place.
But lo ! the dew-drop falls away,
The sun salutes thee with a ray,
Warm as a mother's kiss
Upon her infant's cheek,
When the heart bounds with bliss,
And joy that cannot speak !

——When I meet thee by the way,
Like a pretty, sportive child,
On the winter-wasted wild,
With thy darling breeze at play,
Opening to the radiant sky
All the sweetness of thine eye ;
—Or bright with sunbeams, fresh with
showers,
O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers !
Watch thee o'er the plain advance
At the head of FLORA's dance ;
Simple SNOW-DROP ! then in thee
All thy sister train I see :
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the rose ;
All the beauties that appear
On the bosom of the year ;
All that wreathe the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
—All to thee their tribute bring,
Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
—Their hues, their odours all are thine !
For while thy humble form I view,
The Muse's keen prophetick sight
Brings fair Futurity to light,
And Fancy's magick makes the vision
true.

—There is a Winter in my soul,
The Winter of despair ;
O when shall Spring its rage control ?
When shall the SNOW-DROP blos-
som there ?
Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
A dawn of glory on my heart,
But quickly pass away :
Thus Northern-lights the gloom adorn,
And give the promise of a morn,
That never turns to day !

——But hark ! methinks I hear
A small still whisper in mine ear :
"Rash Youth ! repent,
"Afflictions from above
"Are Angels, sent
"On embassies of love.
"A fiery Legion, at thy birth,
"Of chastening Woes were given,
"To pluck thy flowers of Hope from
earth,
"And plant them high
"O'er yonder sky,
"Transform'd to stars,—and fix'd in
heaven."

# THE BOSTON REVIEW.

## OCTOBER, 1806.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer: Nam ego dicere vero assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.——PLINY.

### ARTICLE 54.

*The Journal of Andrew Ellicott, late commissioner on behalf of the United States, during part of the year* 1796, *the years* 1797, 1798, 1799, *and part of the year* 1800, *for determining the boundary between the United States and the possessions of his catholick majesty in America, containing occasional remarks on the situation, soil, rivers, natural productions, and diseases of the different countries on the Ohio, Mississippi, and gulf of Mexico; with six maps, comprehending the Ohio, the Mississippi from the mouth of the Ohio to the gulf of Mexico, the whole of W. Florida, and part of E. Florida. To which is added an appendix, containing all the astronomical observations made use of for determining the boundary, with many others made in different parts of the country for settling the geographical positions of some important points, with maps of the boundary on a large scale; likewise, a great number of thermometrical observations made at different times and places.* 1 *vol.* 4*to.* Philadelphia, Budd & Bartram. 1803.

GEOGRAPHY has been so assiduously cultivated of late years, that every work tending to its improvement has been received with more, than common interest. In the pursuit of this science, individuals have been tempted to brave the rigours of every clime, and their exertions have been protected by hostile governments. If then curiosity could be excited with regard to distant rivers, tracing their courses through savage deserts, with how much interest would they look forward to the attainment of an accurate knowledge of the Ohio and Mississippi, rivers extensive in themselves, and the only avenues to the ocean of a fertile and flourishing country on the former river, and of almost boundless and unknown regions on the latter? At the moment of publication, the Mississippi had acquired an additional claim to the consideration of the American publick, by the recent cession of Louisiana. Mr. Ellicott, clothed in an official character, possessed during a period of nearly four years the means of obtaining such information, as would fully have gratified the publick expectation. To show how far these advantages have been improved will be the object of the following review.

A journal soon becomes dull, where we are neither instructed by important facts, nor amused with interesting anecdotes or observations. The reader is soon fatigued with passing over bad roads and down shoal rivers, where he has nothing but these necessary concomitants, teazing accidents, or the state of the weather, to amuse

him. Our author left Philadelphia, Sept. 16, 1796, and till his arrival at the mouth of the Ohio, the 19th of December following, we find no information of importance, or any observation, that can, for a moment, relieve the fatigue of the journey ; and at the mouth of the Ohio, there is but a very short retrospect of the fine country he had passed. The Ohio, formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, according to Mr. E., is one of the finest rivers in the United States. He says, " The bottom and sides of the river are strong from Pittsburgh down to the low country, which is generally supposed to be about eight hundred miles. The strata of stone are horizontally disposed, and principally consist of either free stone or lime stone. This horizontal disposition of the strata of stone is observable thro' a very large extent of the United States." The flat lands on the Ohio are very fertile, but, in many places, not extensive. " A large proportion of the hills and mountains are unfit for agricultural purposes, being either too steep or faced with rocks. The hills and mountains on the east side of the river generally increase in magnitude, till they unite with the great ridge commonly called the Alleghany, but on the west side they decrease, till the country becomes almost a dead level." Besides the immediate necessaries of life, this country produces hemp, fruits, &c.; cordage, hard ware, glass, whiskey, and cider are manufactured ; salted provisions also are made here ; and the raw materials or the manufactured articles are sent to New Orleans, where they find a ready market, and on them, Mr. E. thinks, the inhabitants ought to receive bounties. To say any thing of the general impropriety of bounties, would be needless, as the absurdity of making the Atlantick states, who have large tracts of land still uncultivated, pay for the improvement of lands upon the Ohio, is too glaring. To the tax upon whiskey, or to the want of bounties, Mr. E. attributes the " turbulent and disorganizing character," generally given to the inhabitants. Although he says he is " far from justifying any opposition by force to laws constitutionally enacted ;" yet he often apologises, and thinks that unless this tax should be repealed, the worst consequences would follow. The climate is good, and generally healthy, although bilious complaints are frequent at Cincinnati and Louisville. The Ohio in summer is shallow ; but in the spring, vessels, built on the river, have thence sailed loaded for the West Indies. At the end of this account is a map of the Ohio, upon a large scale, in which those parts, which are not drawn from actual survey, are left unshaded, by which means we perceive at once how far the map is to be depended upon ; and future travellers may know where their labours will be of most advantage. It is much to be regretted, that this excellent method is not more generally pursued.

The second chapter commences at the mouth of the Ohio, in Lat. 37° 0′ 23″ N. and Long. 88° 50′ 42″ W. from Greenwich. The cold was here so intense, that on the 22d of December, both the Ohio and Mississippi were completely frozen, and remained in that state four days, and the ice was not broken up in the former river till the 20 of January following. At this place were a number of Indians from the west side of the Mississippi, to whom a Mr.

Nolan (who was with Mr. E.) spoke in several Indian languages, but which they did not understand. He "then addressed them by signs, to which they immediately replied, and conversed for some time with apparent ease and satisfaction." He informed our author, that "this curious language was used by many nations on the west side of the Mississippi, who could only be understood by each other in that way, and that it was commonly made use of in transacting their national concerns." We are referred by Mr. E. to a paper, forwarded to the American Philosophical Society, by William Dunbar, Esq. for a more particular account of this language. In this chapter commences the official correspondence between Mr. Ellicott and the officers of the Spanish government, relative to the running of the boundary line, and the evacuation of the posts on the east side of the Mississippi, above the 31° of north latitude. This correspondence, with the observations upon it, occupies a large portion of the remainder of the volume; but the publick had before been made acquainted with the motives of the Spanish government, in a much clearer and more concise manner, from the reports of the secretary of state, which are accompanied by a part of these letters, as documents. If these reports, with a few explanatory remarks, or a brief statement of the business, had been published in the text, and the letters been added in an appendix, the reader would have been saved a vast deal of unnecessary labour. The inhabitants of the ceded territory had long been secretly murmuring at the delay of their becoming American citizens, when being excited by the hasty confinement of a turbulent and intoxicated preacher, their murmurs were converted into open opposition to the Spanish government. The Spanish officers inflamed the discontents by their violent conduct, and then shut themselves up in the fort, to avoid the fury they had excited, and the inhabitants embodied themselves into companies of militia. By the interference of Mr. Ellicott, a compromise was made, a committee was chosen by the people, who established a species of neutrality, which was sanctioned by the governour, who then issued his proclamation for the election of a permanent committee. "The election of this committee," Mr. E. says, "as was really intended on my part, put the finishing stroke to the Spanish authority and jurisdiction in this district." Mr. E. and the commander of the American troops were added as members to both these committees.

Our author thinks, that nothing new would be expected from him, respecting the Mississippi; but from his peculiar advantages he might have obtained much valuable information respecting this extensive river. By his account, we learn, that the confluence of the Ohio with the Mississippi is neither grand nor romantick. Those rivers unite their waters in a swamp from 36 to 45 miles wide; and which is several feet under water at every annual inundation, which is complete between the last of February and the middle of May, and generally subsides during the month of August. Its mean perpendicular height at Natchez is about fifty-five feet. He says, "in descending the river you meet with but little variety; a few of the sand bars and islands will give you a sample of the whole. When the water is low, you have

high muddy banks, quick sands, and sand bars ; and when full, you might almost as well be at sea ; for days together you will float without meeting with any thing like soil in the river, and at the same time be environed by an uninhabitable and almost impenetrable wilderness." The river is crooked, and frequently changes its course, when the old bed is converted into a lake. Its banks likewise are liable to be undermined, and then become dangerous to boats, that may chance to approach them. The navigation between the mouth of the Ohio and Walnut hills (one of the posts afterwards delivered up by the Spanish) is rendered dangerous by "sawyers and planters ;" the former are trees slightly confined to the bottom by their roots, which continue a vibrating motion with their tops ; the latter are trees firmly fixed to the bottom, but by daylight are easily avoided. The banks are higher than the adjacent country, and in times of inundation a current sets into the woods with sufficient velocity to turn a mill. Its waters are discharged into the gulf of Mexico by several channels. The first branch is the Chafalia, which leaves the Mississippi just below the boundary. This branch is not navigable on account of a bridge, continually increasing in size, formed across it by drift logs, trees, &c. ; but which might be removed. From other travellers we learn that this obstruction is common to many of the rivers in this part of the continent. There are no settlements of consequence between the Ohio and Natchez. This district of Natchez is uncommonly fertile ; but as it is "high, hilly, and broken," Mr. E. fears the soil will be washed away, and the country become less productive. This remark, we own, struck us rather oddly. The climate is variable in winter, but hot in summer. The mean temperature of the best spring and well water in the latitude of 31° is 65° of Farenheit's scale, whereas it is only 51° in Pennsylvania.

Having spoken of the first settlement of the country, and of the animals, which differ but little from those of the middle states, our author proceeds to mention the impossibility of making a survey of the river, on or near the banks ; and states the following ingenious method which he adopted to complete his map.

The mouth of the Ohio, and town of Natchez, were taken as given points, both as to latitude and longitude. An excellent surveying compass, corrected for the variation of the needle, was used in taking the courses, which were entered in time, instead of space. Every day, when the sun shone at noon, his meridional altitude was taken in descending the river.

The latitudes, determined by those observations, are entered on the chart of the river at the places where the observations were made ; all the courses, between each two of those points, were protracted in time instead of space, that is, by calling the time, space ; each set of courses were then expanded or contracted, so as to agree with the points of latitude, to which they belonged. From the number of latitudes taken, we expect that no part of the river will be found very erroneous in that respect ; so much cannot be said in favour of the longitudes, except at the mouth of the Ohio and the town of Natchez.

Some points have been since corrected from the observations of Mr. Farrar.

We shall pass without observation the proceedings of the permanent committee, and the opposition they met with from faction,

as they have long ceased to be interesting. The inhabitants of this district, according to our author, consist of persons of enterprize and ambition, of not a few who have fled from justice, or from creditors, and of American refugees; and few will dispute his conclusion, that such persons are unfit for a representative government.

Having first animadverted upon the administration of Mr. Adams, Mr. E. concludes his fifth chapter with mentioning the evacuation of the Spanish posts. In the succeeding, he commences the object of his mission, having, in concert with the Spanish commissioner, determined the 31° of north latitude on the Mississippi, from that point a due east course was run for the boundary line between the United States and Florida. We shall not follow our author through this rout; but shall only notice some of the principal facts, and the manner in which he proceeded. The difficulty of running the line is thus described.

> The first twenty miles of country, over which the line passed, is perhaps as fertile as any in the United States, and at the same time the most impenetrable, and could only be explored by using the cane, knife, and hatchet. The whole face of the country being covered with strong canes, which stood almost as close together as hemp stalks, and generally from twenty to thirty five feet high, and matted together by various species of vines, that connected them with the boughs of lofty timber, which was very abundant. The hills are numerous, short and steep; from these untoward circumstances we were scarcely ever able to open one fourth of a mile per day, and frequently much less.

Arrived at the Pearl river, our author determined to go to New Orleans to obtain the governour's formal approbation of what had been done, and to procure a vessel, in which he could ascend with his instruments and baggage the various rivers crossed by the boundary line. That New Orleans commands the trade of an immense country is known to every one; and our author justifies the preference given to the particular spot on the river, on which it is situated. The town is regular, but its streets narrow; in summer it is hot and disagreeable, but in winter, to use Mr. E.'s own words, "it then abounds with health, and a variety of well conducted amusements, which are encouraged and protected by the government."—Coasting vessels from the eastward go to New Orleans by lake Ponchartrain, and a canal, connecting that lake and the city, and thereby avoid the tedious navigation of the Mississippi. Mr. E. took the command himself of the vessel, in which he proceeded from New Orleans; because he thought it would be more economical, as the masters at that city were exorbitant in their demands. On each of the rivers the 31° of north latitude was determined from astronomical observations, and a surveyor was sent across to carry a guide line, which, when not found exact, was corrected back, and mounds of earth were erected at the end of each mile. The Pearl and Pascagola, the Mobile and Tensaw, formed by the Tombeckby and Alabama, the Cocnecuh and Chattahocha rivers, are all navigable above the boundary. Their banks are low, extremely fertile, and subject to annual inundations; but the high lands between them are unproductive. At the Chattahocha, Mr. E. was plundered by the Indians.—This river, from the 31° of north latitude, down to the mouth of Flint

river, constitutes a part of the boundary line, which was thence to pass to the source of the St. Mary's, which then divides the two countries to the ocean. Our author's sea journal from the Chattahocha to the St. Mary's is generally tedious and uninteresting. On his passage he observed a very singular appearance in the heavens, which he thus describes :—

> About two o'clock in the morning, I was called up to see the shooting of the stars, as it was vulgarly termed. The phenomenon was grand and awful ; the whole heavens appeared as if illuminated with sky rockets, flying in an infinity of directions, and I was in constant expectation of some of them falling on the vessel. They continued, till put out by the light of the sun, after day break. This phenomenon extended over a large portion of the West-India islands, and was observed as far north as St. Mary's, where it appeared as brilliant as with us. During this singular appearance, the wind shifted from the south to the north, and the thermometer, which had been at 86° for four days past, fell to 56°.

Mr. E. does not attempt to account for this appearance, but only mentions the theoretick conjecture of Lavoisier, that the air consists of different strata, as more satisfactory to him than any other. In favour of that theory, which attributes the Gulf Stream to a rotary motion in the Atlantick ocean, aided by the trade winds, he advances some plausible arguments. Our author thinks neither West or East Florida of much consequence in themselves. The former, except on the Mississippi, is but very thinly populated, and the coast of the latter is entirely uninhabited, and in possession of the privateersmen of the Bahama islands, who plunder it of its timber. West Florida is of consequence from the passage through it of the rivers mentioned above, which connect a fine and extensive tract of country within the United States with the ocean. East Florida derives its importance from being calculated to give security to the trade, that the atlantick states carry on with the western, and with the Gulf of Mexico. The source of the St. Mary's was determined by the commissioners to be somewhere in the Okofonoke swamp ; but as it was impossible to enter the swamp at that season, a mound was erected on the west side of the main outlet ; and it was agreed, that a line should be run from that mound in a north-east direction two miles, at the termination of which, it should meet the line from Flint river. Thus end Mr. E.'s official labours. To this account he adds a short list of plants, in a note to which, he confutes, by the mention of the Notes on Virginia, the opinion, which, he says, Mons. Buffon, and other celebrated European writers, have held, that American genius was inferiour to that of the old world.

The prevailing disorders of the country are fevers, by which our author lost several of his people at Natchez. He preserved himself from them by Dr. Rush's pills, till, when they were exhausted, he himself likewise was attacked. His journal by sea back to Philadelphia concludes the work. The appendix contains the state of the weather and thermometer for each day, the astronomical observations, and the calculations from those observations, by a reference to which their accuracy may be determined. It contains likewise maps of the boundary line on a large scale.

The maps, which are all well executed, and bear internal marks of accuracy, must be considered as valuable additions to our geogra-

phy ; but the work is neither interesting, nor does it contain much important information. In our passage down the Ohio, there are but few objects to detain our attention, and, launched into the Mississippi, we might almost as well be at sea. The delays of the dependent Spanish government had before been made publick, and had therefore lost much of their interest ; and the petty disputes of party faction could never claim more, than a local consideration. The knowledge of the coast of Florida, and of the rivers which discharge themselves into the gulf of Mexico, is balanced by the tedious difficulties, which are always met with in penetrating uninhabited deserts, and by the barrenness of a sea-voyage. The comments are few, and those the remarks of a common mind. The language is frequently inelegant, and sometimes incorrect. The passages, quoted above, we believe to be fair specimens of the style, which never rises above plain narration. Upon the whole, we must conclude, that the work is very much inferiour to what it ought to have been ; and that a small pamphlet, with the maps, which we must again call valuable, would have contained as much information as the quarto, through which we have laboured.

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ART. 55.

*A Treatise concerning Political Inquiry, and the liberty of the press. By Tunis Wortman, counsellor at law.* New-York : George Forman. 1800.

WE never made a worse bargain with an honest man, than when we gave the bookseller one hundred cents, for Wortman's Political Inquiry ; and yet, if nothing but the quantity of *brass* be regarded, we are hardly losers by the exchange. Mr. Wortman's book has all the the properties of a cent, except its currency, and its value. It has as dull a countenance, and as drossy and cumbrous a nature. One can hardly be persuaded to read the first paragraph of a volume of 300 pages, when the preface contains an insolent boast, under the name of an apology, that the work is produced in a few idle hours, without care or attention. " It is but justice," says Mr. W. " to observe, that the following pages have only occupied the leisure moments of less than four months, and been written amidst the constant interruption of business." There was no necessity for this haste—no eager impatience of the publick drove Mr. W. to the press. It is effrontery to introduce to the world, under the imposing title of a " Political Inquiry," a volume, composed in a time almost too short for an amanuensis to copy its pages. The affectation of writing quick is contemptible ; yet in this country it too frequently supplies the ambition of writing *well*. The *calamus currens* is for clerks and secretaries, not for those who would instruct or inform mankind. But, perhaps, it is well that Mr. W. published thus hastily, for if he had taken longer time, there is reason to fear, that, instead of writing *better*, he would have written *more*.

It is difficult to say what Mr. W.'s book is, or to what class of productions it belongs. This would be,

> "to give to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

Its most striking characteristick is the absence of ideas. The reader wades through it, meeting only at

great intervals with a sentiment, which deserves either censure or approbation. It is a vast Serbonian bog, where there is nothing to bear up his steps. Every thing sinks beneath him, nor can the eye glance far enough to behold an inch of solid ground, on which to rest its hopes. Declamation, without genius or spirit, false reasoning, without ingenuity enough to be called sophistry, and an inveterate hostility to the rules of grammar and composition, are principal features in this performance. In the very first paragraph he valorously takes up arms against the "monarchick sway" of grammar. "We *will* [shall] neither be able to reflect with accuracy," &c.

In the same page he says, "Political institution should *emphatically* be considered as that science, which proposes for its object the promotion of general felicity."—Words may be *emphatically* spoken, and perhaps, by a figure, *emphatically* written, but who ever heard of *considering*, or deliberating on a subject *emphatically* ?—Yet, as Mr. W. has no emphasis in his book, perhaps we ought to indulge him in claiming it for his brain.

Farther on, he says, "civil society, as well as her *sister sciences*" ! &c.

We open the book, by accident, at the 65th page, and from that, and those immediately following, will transcribe a few paragraphs, as specimens of Mr. W.'s style and sentiments. The first sentence which meets our eye is this. Speaking of poetry and metaphysicks, he observes, "such are the studies which *elude* the utmost *profundity* of intellect" ! He proceeds. "Not so with rational politicks. Every truth is luminous ; every principle is clear, perspicuous, and determinable ; its doctrines are established in the common sentiments and feelings of mankind ; its positions are maintained and enforced by universal experience."

Does not Mr. W. know that political science has, more than any other, divided the opinions of mankind, and that, after a discussion of many centuries, very few principles are yet settled ? What "position" of politicks is maintained by universal experience ? Can he name one, that has been received by the one millionth part of the population of the world since the creation ?

In page 67 are these shrewd remarks. "Man, therefore, is the only actor upon whatever theatre human conduct is destined to become exhibited. To whatever object our imagination is extended, to the statesman in the cabinet, the philosopher in his closet, or the hero in the field ; wherever we direct our contemplation, to battles and to sieges, negociations or hostility, treaties of peace, convention of commerce, or declaration of war ; it is *man* that acts and suffers."

Wonderful counsellor ! Have you then discovered that *human* beings alone can be the authors of *human* actions ?

Page 68. "The duties attached to the intercourse of nations and individuals, arise from the *identical fountain of obligation*, and must therefore be, in a great measure, familiar to every understanding."

Page 69. "Without pretensions to superiour discernment, every person can as easily perceive what conduct in one nation violates the rights, and operates to the detriment of another, or what acts of a government infallibly terminate in

personal injury and oppression. Hence then it is an obvious position, that every intelligent being must necessarily possess a sufficient standard of political discrimination. Can the obstinacy of scepticism demand still farther illustration ?" No, no, illustrious Tunis, the " obstinacy of scepticism" is a weak, shivering victim beneath the scymeter of such logick. It doubts of nothing while you reason, although you should attempt to prove the muddiness of your own brain.

In page 171 are the following sentiments, which come 'fresh and strong' from the school of Godwin. " It has been rendered sufficiently plain, that a virtuous government cannot become materially injured by misrepresentation ; for the most acrimonious and violent invectives will be the most open to detection. Why then should punishment be inflicted ? Will the confinement of my body within a prison, or the removal of my property to the publick treasury, render me a better man ? Will such severity be calculated to conciliate my affections towards the government ? or will it be likely to inspire me with lasting resentment ? If I have been guilty of malicious detraction, let corroding Envy, sickening Jealousy, and vulture passions torture and prey upon my heart. Believe me, I should be punished by misery more agravated, than the horrours of an inquisition."

This is genuine. The disciple has excelled the master. These sentiments are too good to die with a first reading. Let us view them in another shape. The doctrines, which Tunis so ingeniously applies to cases of malicious libel, must be equally applicable to other transgressions of the law. On murder, for instance, he would reason in the same way. " It has been rendered sufficiently plain, that society cannot be materially injured by the death of one individual : for the most barbarous and violent deeds will be the most open to detection. Why then should punishment be inflicted on a murderer ? Will the confinement of my body within a prison, will chains or the gallows render me a better man ? Will such severity be calculated to conciliate my affections towards society ? or will it be likely to inspire me with lasting resentment ? If I have been guilty of wilful murder, let corroding Envy, sickening Jealousy, and vulture passions torture and prey upon my heart. Believe me, I should be punished by misery more aggravated, than all the horrours of hemp" ! ! !

Such are the torrents of nonsense, which a man, who calls himself a *counsellor*, is capable of pouring forth, as a subject closely connected with his professional studies.

*Believe us*, Mr. Counsellor, if these be your sentiments, the cap and bells would become you more than the long robe, and you would shew better in Bedlam, than the Forum.

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ART. 56.

*The Lay of the Last Minstrel, a poem, by Walter Scott, Esq.*— Hugh Maxwell, Philadelphia. 12mo. 1805.

THIS work is neatly and accurately re-printed, and is a good specimen of the rapid progress, which this country is making towards typographical excellence.

European Reviewers have so justly displayed the beauties, and

appreciated the merits of this interesting composition, that we have little, if any thing, to add to their remarks; but we cordially join them in praising a poem, which has afforded us exquisite pleasure, and which "has raised its author to a permanent rank among the classical poets of his country."

In towns, where trade occupies every thought, at all times and seasons, and in every company monopolizes the greatest share of conversation; where its maxims and spirit pervade every class of society, and would confine all mental exertion within its own contracted sphere; it must be peculiarly gratifying to the few, whose faculties are not shackled and benumbed, to read of other times, of other manners, of other men; with different objects in view, with more ardent, as well as nobler passions; and whose vices, while they neither exceeded in number or enormity those of later times, were balanced by many virtues; among which unbounded generosity, steady friendship, faithful love, and heroick valour, shone conspicuous. It is therefore with great satisfaction, that we strongly recommend, to the rising generation particularly, this vivid effort of genius and learning; but as it is probable more attention will be paid to *samples*, than to mere recommendation, we shall select a few specimens, and vouch for the goodness of the whole.

The introduction is poetical and interesting in the highest degree. An aged Minstrel, wandering near the Castle of Branksome, was admitted by the Dutchess of Buccleugh, and, after being hospitably treated, to gratify her and her ladies, he sings to his harp a tale of arms and chivalry, in which the names and actions of her ancestors are commemorated.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made—
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled,
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstacy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost.
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung. *P.* 12.

Those, who have any relish for the beautiful and sublime, will be charmed with his description of Melrose abbey.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view Saint David's ruined pile,
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!
*P.* 33.

But the imagery and language in the following pages are awful and terrifick in the extreme, when William of Deloraine, who was sent to the monk of St. Mary's aisle, opens the tomb of the cele-

brated Michael Scot, to take from thence his book of magick.

The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.—

—Still spoke the monk, when the bell tolled one !—
I tell you that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed !
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

"Lo, warrior ! now the cross of red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead ;
Within it burns a wonderous light
To chase the spirits that love the night :
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."
Slow moved the monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody cross was traced upon ;
He pointed to a secret nook ;
A bar from thence the warrior took ;
And the monk made a sign with his withered hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

With beating heart, to the task he went ;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent ;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there to see,
How the light broke forth so gloriously ;
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof !
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright :
It shone like heaven's own blessed light ;
And issuing from the tomb,
Shewed the monk's cowl, and visage pale ;
Danced on the dark-brow'd warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.

Before their eyes the wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day :
His hoary head in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old ;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea :
His left hand held his book of might ;
A silver cross was in his right :
The lamp was placed beside his knee :
High and majestick was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook ;
And all unruffled was his face—
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.
*P.* 43—46.

After this scene of horrour, the imagination is gradually composed, and soothed with the tenderness of love and beauty. Where are two figures to be found more happily designed, and finely contrasted, than Margaret of Branksome, and "Baron Henry, her own true knight" ?

A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately and young and tall ;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall :
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red ;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribband pressed ;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold,—
Where would you find the peerless fair
With Margaret of Branksome might compare ! *P.* 48.

When arrived at this part of his lay, the old Minstrel breaks off, and observing the interest he had excited in female bosoms, he says,

And now fair dames, methinks I see,
You listen to my minstrelsy ;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow.

—Ye ween to hear a tender tale——

Alas ! fair dames your hopes are vain !
My harp has lost the enchanting strain :
Its lightness would my age reprove ;
My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold—
I may not, must not, sing of love.
*P.* 49.

—But after resting himself, and quaffing heartily some generous wine, his spirits were so exhilirated that he begins the next canto in the following animated strain.

And said I that my limbs were old ;
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
  And that I might not sing of love ?—
How could I, to the dearest theme,
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
  So foul, so false, a recreant prove !
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame !

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
*P.* 54.

While upon this subject, we cannot resist transcribing these beautiful lines.

—True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is not Fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
In dead desire it doth not die ;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver chord, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.

Lest attention should tire or abate, the poet frequently varies his measure, but it is always sweet and melodious, judiciously adapted to the different parts of his poem, and shews, that though possessing the phrenzy of a poet, he has not neglected the subordinate art of versification. Though his powers never appear to flagg, yet at the beginning of every canto he seems to be newly invigorated and transported with fresh enthusiasm ; either bursting upon us with wild abruptness, or stealing on the ear in strains of melting tenderness. At the conclusion of the third, something, which the ladies observed, recals to the Minstrel's memory the fate of his only son, who gloriously fell in battle, and he begins the fourth in such strains of simple and genuine pathos, as powerfully awaken the reader's sympathy.

Sweet Teviot ! on thy silver tide,
  The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
  Along thy wild and willowed shore ;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
  As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they rolled their way to Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
  Nor started at the bugle-horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,
  Which though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
  Its earliest course was doomed to know ;
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.
  Low as that tide has ebbed with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
  Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying musket played
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid—
Enough—he died the death of fame ;
Enough—he died with conquering Græme.
*P.* 76.

The sixth canto commences with the indignant effusions of real patriotism, which every true lover of his country will repeat with pride and pleasure, but which can find nothing congenial in the bosoms of the *universal philanthropists* of the present day, who call all

those countries theirs, in which their own chimerical notions of liberty have turned the people's brains with specious and mischievous absurdity.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

After introducing the ballads of three different bards, he finely concludes with the following hymn for the dead.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinners stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump, that wakes the dead;
O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away! *P.* 149.

We pretend not to say we have selected the most beautiful passages of this delightful poem, but they struck us as possessing great force and beauty; nor do we fear, that those, who can feel with the poet, will think our quotations too long, or numerous. If our admiration, warmly expressed, can induce many to read the book, it may kindle the pure and ardent flame of native genius in bosoms, where the spark now lies dormant; and the view of its rare excellence may repress the presumption of obtrusive poetasters, who would not pester the publick with so many vapid rhymes, clumsily strung together, did they not mistake pertness and self-conceit for brilliant talents and uncommon powers.

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ART. 57.

*The Dramatick Works of William Dunlap, in ten volumes, vol. I. containing—the Father of an only Child, Leicester, Fontainville Abbey, Darby's Return.* Philadelphia, printed by T. & G. Palmer, 116, High-street. 1806.

THIS volume contains what the author seems to imagine *dramatick* performances; but, in truth, it affords only four farragos of nonsense, in which the most essential laws of the drama are altogether violated, and the rules of composition disregarded. In these four "plays" *for the stage*, made worthy of it by "eighteen years" "revision and attachment," taste, wit, and sentiment take no part; they do not once enter during their whole performance—for Mr. Dunlap has very ingeniously, and in a manner peculiar to himself, *kept them behind the scenes.*

It might seem unjust to condemn this volume altogether; and no doubt it will appear so, particularly to the author, who "cannot see the propriety of condemning *en masse*," and conjectures, that "his readers may perhaps be tempted to lament, that he has soared so often into the heaven of invention." But we believe, it would be more unjust to weary our readers, by

leading their attention through Mr. Dunlap's endless labyrinths of nonsense. If it can be any satisfaction for him to know, that we have waded through his work, he is assured of it; and we mention it particularly, because it is probable he will never hear the like again. We believe, that we have consulted his interest, when we condemn it *en masse*; for, as he threatens the publick with ten volumes, an analysis of the first would never excite a curiosity to behold its brethren.

It is absolutely scandalous to the republick of letters, that works like this should be suffered to issue from the press. It reflects no credit on Mr. D. that, "after eighteen years attachment to the drama, and having revised these plays to the best of his abilities," he should now intrude them, unmeaning as they are, upon the patronage of the publick. The facility of publication in this country and elsewhere, by which the shelves of the booksellers are crowded with *double tiers*, is one of the causes, which increase the obscurity of works of merit.

We have considered this work as to its stage effect and as to its closet effect, and the only effect, which it seems likely to produce, is, that it may make "the unwary laugh," "but it will make the judicious grieve"; and we are as fully persuaded, that every intelligent reader, who will take upon himself the task of a Reviewer and put this decision to the proof, will acquiesce in the judgment. After he has become acquainted with the "Father of an only Child," the horrours of "Leicester," passed through "Fontainville Abbey," and sees "Darby's Return," he will most devoutly wish, that some proper authority would or could interpose a power to stop the swelling torrent of the press. But alas!

Rusticus expectat, dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum.

There is one distinction, which we have never before met with, and which may not be uninteresting to our agricultural friends. It is in act II. sc. 1. of "The Father of an only Child"; (by the by, we are very glad this family was no larger.) *Susannah*, in showing *Platoon* the gardens, tells him, "there's "pumpkins, potatoes, and turnips, "and apples and ingons and sich "like, and that's round sace; and "there's carrots, and cowcumbers, "parsnups, and beets and sich; and "that's long sace. But whether "mortars grow round or long, "when you plant them in a tulip "bed, darn me if I know."

Ten volumes!!! We hope Mr. Dunlap will reconsider this matter.

The work is adorned with a portrait of Mrs. Wignall, painted by W. Dunlap and engraved by D. Edwin.

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ART. 58.

*An Address to the Merrimack Humane Society, Sept.* 2, 1806. *By Samuel Cary, A. B.* 8vo. *pp.* 31. Newburyport, Blunt.

AFTER a pertinent introduction, the orator deviates from the general topick of benevolence to confine himself to the precise objects of the institution. He then dilates upon the modes of excitement in cases of apparent death; bleeding, which was long approved in Holland, and the application of the electrick fluid, which has prevail-

ed in England. To many of the audience this might have seemed parade ; and the speaker unhappily encourages the opinion, when he says, " I have taken the liberty to make (of making) these general observations, gentlemen, with no hope of communicating any new information." On the assignment of rewards the remarks are judicious ; and against the plunderers of the beach huts of the society they rise to animation. But the general tenour of the address is even and stately. The diction is never vulgar, and seldom easy. We find no original thought to engage us ; no artful combination of old ones to amuse or to surprise. There is little to censure ; much to approve ; but nothing to admire.

Pompous language in description of humble things may be stared at awhile ; but when it is understood it becomes ridiculous. *Professus grandia, turget.* A sneer involuntarily rises at the affectation of an unusual phrase in such a manner as the following. " The leading object of the society is the recovery of persons apparently dead, whether this appearance is (be) occasioned by submersion, suffocation by noxious vapours, or *the cord*," &c. " For this purpose, it is common to apply friction, *the feather*, and powerful salts." Is any particular feather intended, or is the phrase adopted to dignify the object? " The first object of the operator is to employ blankets, the heat of a living body, *the fire*, or the warm bath." " It is therefore supposed, that it possesses the power of renewing the *customary* actions of the system." Custom implies volition. These, and other examples, resemble the strut of youthful imbecility, imitating the dignified gait, but regardless of the easy motions, of manhood.

The idea in the author's mind is not always conveyed with dignity or perspicuity. " No tongue indeed can convey to the understanding the satisfaction, enjoyed by the friends of humanity, when they have delivered an *apparently lifeless corpse, alive and intelligent*, to the embraces," &c. " But this pleasure, *from its distance*, and refined nature, often loses its influence." *Brevis esse laboro.*

These are minor faults, and may pass unobserved by the majority of readers in a hasty perusal ; but the author, we presume, wishes to stand the scrutiny of the observing, and to receive the approbation of the learned.

In the ode to Humanity, for 1806, is a line of unjustifiable boldness.

Thou canst restore the mystick flame,
*And aid the efforts of a God.*

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ART. 59.

*Home. A poem.* 12mo. *pp.* 144. Boston, printed for S. H. Parker, 1806. E. Lincoln, printer.

If there be one theme more favourable for poetry than another, it is this perhaps, which our author has selected. At the mention of home, a thousand images, congenial to the muse, possess the fancy at once, and we are in greater danger of being distracted by the fulness of matter, which the subject presents, than troubled to conceive about what we shall write. The winter fire-side circle, convened by the inclemency of the season, all the domestick amusements and duties that grow out of the year, the pastimes of childhood, the occupations of age, the intercourse of friends, the attachments of kindred, the history of love, with in-

cidents and sentiments in endless variety, are here exhibited to the muse, and invite her to sing. To the poet in particular the subject must be doubly propitious, as we all have a gift at describing pleasures that are removed from our reach, and a propensity to praise what we should like to attain.

> Home is the resort
> Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
> Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
> And dear relations mingle into bliss.
> *Thomson.*

With a field so extensive before him, enlivened with every flower that can gratify sense, it is natural to suppose, that our author would have gathered a bouquet not unworthy to be laid at the feet of the *Nine*. But in examining his selections, we have met with what is common to other personages than criticks...the disappointment which follows expectations too exalted. We do not deny that he has collected some gems, which are delicately marked and prettily coloured, but he has fewer rose-buds than leaves, and more knot-grass than pinks. He does not present us with a remembrance to be worn in our bosoms on a sabbath or *gala*, though he affords something perhaps medicinal, and something that is savoury.

In one of his notes, our *unknown* observes, that dissonant rhymes may be occasionally employed with happy effect; and quotes Pope and Gray for the correctness of the remark. Whether or not poetry contribute to her harmony, by interrupting in this way the chime of her bells, as all ears are not constructed on a similar model, we leave it to our readers to determine for themselves. We would remind the prosodian, however, that Swift regretted, that he had not inspected the translation of the Iliad before it was committed to press, because he wished to have had corrected some unsociable rhymes, which he considered as offensive to cultivated tympanuns. What the censor of Homer would have said to our poem, whose author appears, in his critical notices, to speak one word for rhyme, and a couple for himself, will be readily imagined, when we quote concords like the following. *Revive, live; tie, joy; blooms, comes; voice, joys; break, cheek; heard, appear'd; flood, good; roam, home; foam, home; bloom, home;* and many more, that are as distant from chimes as a sheep-bell and cymbal. Had *home*, this unhappy text-word of the poet, which continually falls on the end of a line, by a small metrical manœuvre, been otherwise disposed of, great pains might have been saved, and less melody murdered. It is at best but a bad part of speech to ring the changes upon, and would have answered much better differently placed in a couplet.

Another ground of objection against our poet is, he weakens his versification with a profusion of expletives.

> Ere while less sweet, they now delight the eye.
> My heart, that, when the tempest, echoing, past.
> Here not a sound is heard but boasts a charm.

and he has too much to say about *Edwin* and *Emma*; who have sustained, poor unfortunates! the burden of song for rather more than a century, and were deserving before the date of this performance of a quiet interment in the tomb of the Capulets.

But to sprinkle a little praise upon this severity of remark, for

we wish not to be cruel where we cannot be kind, we acknowledge the poem is very far from contemptible ; it possesses some passages that may be read with a degree of complacency, and whatever it possesses is very evidently its own. To prove that we are sincere, we give the following selection.

Soon the favouring breeze inspires
The swelling sails no more, but sad retires ;
While rising fierce, with terrors all his own,
The scowling south-wind mounts his cloudy throne ;
Bids his black squadrons darken all the pole,
And fires descend, and deep-toned thunders roll.

The attendants on wealth and power, too, are decently conceived, and tolerably drawn.

Dark, as yon clouds o'er Pentland's hills that lower,
Appear the legions guarding wealth and power.
Stern on their frontiers, pale Suspicione keep
Relentless watch, that knows not rest or sleep.
There Danger joys his fiery bands to form,
His glance the flash of heaven, his step the storm ;
There Hate, whose day-dreams scenes of blood defile ;
Deceit, who wears a dagger and a smile;
And fierce Destruction, opening from beneath
The mine, in whose dark chambers revels death.

The stanzas on the *Tomb of my Fathers*, *Victory*, and *To the Evening Star*, have nothing remarkable in thought or expression ; and might be spared in a bunch, without loss or regret. The fact is, poetry has no middle character ; it must be either decidedly good, or decidedly bad ; middling verse is middling nonsense !

This work is neatly executed.

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# MONTHLY CATALOGUE

## Of New Publications in the United States for October.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—MART.

### NEW WORKS.

No. 1. Vol. I. of Flora Carolinæensis ; or, A Historical, Medical, and Economical Display of the Vegetable Kingdom, according to the Linnæan or sexual system of Botany. Being a collection or compilation of the various plants hitherto discovered and made known by the several authors on Botany, &c. By John L. E. W. Shecut. 8vo. pp.88. This work will consist of at least 12 numbers, of about 80 or 90 pages each, which will form two hexades, that may be bound in two octavo volumes. Price to subscribers 50 cents, each number. Charleston, S. C. printed for the author by John Hoff.

Reports of Cases, argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Errours of the state of Connecticut, in the years 1802, 1803, and 1804. By Thomas Day, counsellor at law. Vol. I. 8vo. $3 calf. Hartford, Conn. Hudson & Goodwin.

Means of preserving health, and preventing diseases : Founded principally on an attention to air and climate, drink, food, sleep, exercise, clothing, passions of the mind, and retentions and excretions. With an appendix, containing observations on bathing, cleanliness, ventilation, and medical electricity, and on the abuse of medicine. Enriched with apposite extracts from the best authors. Designed not merely for physicians, but for the information of others. To which is annexed, a glossary of the technical terms contained in the work. By Shadrach Rick-

etson, physician in New-York. New-York, Collins, Perkins & Co.

Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, considered in its present state of improvement; describing, in a familiar and easy manner, the principal phenomena of nature; and shewing that they are cooperate in displaying the goodness, wisdom, and power of God. By the late George Adams, mathematical instrument maker to his majesty, &c. In four volumes. Illustrated with 43 large copperplates, elegantly engraved. This American edition printed from the last London edition, edited by Wm. Jones, is carefully revised and corrected by Robert Patterson, professor of mathematicks and teacher of natural philosophy, in the university of Pennsylvania. Vol. I. To this volume is subjoined, by the American editor, A brief outline or compendious system of modern chemistry: compiled from the latest publications on that subject. Price to subscribers $11,50 the set. Philadelphia, Woodward.

Travels in Louisiana and the Floridas, in the year 1802, giving a correct picture of those countries. Translated from the French, with notes, &c. By John Davis. 12mo. pp. 182. New-York: Printed by and for I. Riley & Co.

Columbian Eloquence; being the speeches of the most celebrated American orators, as delivered in the late trial of the Hon. Samuel Chase, before the senate of the United States. 3 vols. 12mo. Price $1,50. Baltimore.

Discoveries made in exploring the Missouri, Red, and Washita rivers, and countries adjacent, by Captains Lewis and Clarke, Dr. Sibley, Wm. Dunbar, Esq. and Dr. Hunter; with an appendix, by Mr. Dunbar, not before published, containing list of stages and distances on the Red and Washita rivers to the Hot Springs; lists of the most obvious vegetable productions of the Washita country, which are indigenous or growing without culivation; notice of certain vegetables, part of which are supposed to be new; of the medical properties of the salt springs, &c. 8vo. Natchez, Louisiana.

Sermons to young people; preached A. D. 1803, 1804, on the following subjects: faith and practice; inquiry concerning eternal life; religion our own choice; indecision in religion; the principle of virtue; God's glory man's end and happiness; encouragement to early seeking; self-dedication; prayer; observation of the Lord's day; the excellence of religion; the happiness of life; the standard of honour; good company recommended; caution against bad company; caution against bad books; frugality; dissipation; the instability of life; procrastination; redemption of time; reflections on death; judgment; the person and character of the judge; the state of those who die in sin; the future blessedness of the righteous. To which are added, prayers for young families. Also, sermons, 1. on religious education; 2. answer to the objection, that education in religion shackles the mind; 3. reflections of the aged on the early choice of religion. By James Dana, D. D. New Haven. Increase Cooke. 1806. pp. 502.

The Clergyman's Companion, containing the official offices of the Protestant Episcopal Church, used by the clergy of the said church in the discharge of their parochial rites. To which are added, Extracts from the writings of distinguished divines on the qualifications and duties of the clerical office. 12mo. Price $1,25. New-York, Peter A. Mesier.

A Chart, entitled, Tables for computing the effect of refraction on lunar distances. Published by Peter Delamar, No. 81, North Second Street, Philadelphia.

Psalmodist's Assistant: containing an original composition of Psalm and Hymn Tunes; together with a number of favourite pieces from different authors. To which is prefixed, An Introduction to the Grounds of Musick. By Abijah Forbush. Price 62½ cents. Boston, Manning & Loring.

A favourite selection of musick, adapted to the Piano Forte; consisting of the newest and most fashionable songs, airs, marches, &c. comick and sentimental. Designed for practitioners. By O. Shaw and H. Mann. $1. Dedham, H. Mann.

A Collection of Divine Musick, consisting of Psalms, Hymns, Chants, and Anthems, for one, two, three, and four voices, with accompaniments for the organ and piano forte. pp. 120. Price $1,75. Philadelphia, John Aitken.

The American Reader; consisting of a selection of familiar, instructive, and entertaining stories. By Herman

Daggett, A. M. Price 37 cts. Sag Harbour, N. Y. Alden Spooner.

A Treatise on the Courts for the trial of small causes, held by justices of the peace in the state of New Jersey. By William Sandford Pennington, Esq. one of the justices of the supreme court of that state. 12mo. pp. 300. Newark, N. J. Tuttle & Co.

An Inquiry into the effects of our foreign carrying trade upon the agriculture, population, and morals of the people. By Columella. Price 37 cts. New-York, Ezra Sargent.

Experience, or, Folly as it Flies. A poem, delivered at Cambridge, on the anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, August 8, 1806. By Benjamin Whitwell. 8vo. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

An oration on Eloquence, delivered at Burlington, Ver. May 12, 1806, on the anniversary of the Phi, Sigma, Nu Society, in Burlington College. By Gardner Child, member of the senior class. 8vo. Price 25 cts. Burlington, Greenleaf & Mills.

A discourse delivered at the dedication of the new academy in Fryeburg. June 4, 1806. By Rev. Nathaniel Porter, A. M. Published at the request of the trustees. Portland, B. Wait. 8vo.

Discourses on the sovereign and universal agency of God, in nature and grace. By the Rev. Robert M'Dowall, minister of the Reformed Dutch church in Ernest-town, Upper Canada. Webster and Shinner. 1806.

Discourse at a publice meeting of a number of Singers, who were improving themselves in church musick. By Nathaniel Emmons, D. D. Providence, R. I. David Hawkins, jun.

A sermon, delivered at New-Boston, N. H. Feb. 26, 1806, at the ordination of Rev. Ephraim P. Bradford, to the pastoral care of the Presbyterian church and society in that place. By Jesse Appleton, Congregational minister in Hampton. 8vo. Amherst, J. Cushing.

A discourse delivered before the members of the Portsmouth Female Asylum, at a third service, on the Sabbath, Aug. 10, 1806. By J. Appleton. Portsmouth, S. Whidden.

A Wreath for the Rev. Daniel Dow, pastor of a church in Thompson, Con. on the publication of his Familiar Letters, in answer to the Rev. John Sherman's treatise of one God in one person only, &c. By A. O. F. Utica, Merrel and Seward.

A sermon preached at the ordination of the Rev. Nathan Waldo, A B. in Williamstown, Vt. Feb. 26, 1806. By Elijah Parish, A. M. pastor of the church in Byefield, Mass. Hanover, N. H. Moses Davis. pp. 16.

The Sixth of August, or the Litchfield Festival. An address to the people of Connecticut. Hudson & Goodwin. Sept. 1806.

An American Primer; including the Wesminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism, divided into forty-six lessons, with contents, notes, and hymns. Salem, Joshua Cushing.

## NEW EDITIONS.

Vol. II. Part I. of the New Cyclopædia, or Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences—To be completed in 20 vols. quarto. Formed upon a more enlarged plan of arrangement than the dictionary of Mr. Chambers. By Abraham Rees. $3 the half vol. Philadelphia, Bradford. L. Blake, No. 1, Cornhill, agent in Boston.

The Life of the Right Honourable William Pitt, late prime minister of Great-Britain, with biographical notices of the whole of his distinguished contemporaries, particularly Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Lord Grenville, Mr. Windham, Mr. Wilberforce, Viscount Melville, Mr. Grattan, Lord Erskine, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Sidmouth, Earl Spencer, Mr. Tierney, &c. Embellished with an excellent likeness, engraved by Edwin. Price $1, in boards. Philadelphia, John Watts.

Annals of the Right Hon. William Pitt. 12mo. pp. 158. Philadelphia, B. Graves, for Hugh Maxwell, &c.

Original Anecdotes of Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, and of his family, his court, his ministers, his academies, and literary friends. Collected during a familiar intercourse of twenty years with that prince. Translated from the French of Dieudonné Thiebault, professor of belles lettres in the royal academy of Berlin. In 2 vols. Vol. I. pp. 434. 8vo. Philadelphia, E. Bronson.

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The Secret History of the court and cabinet of St. Cloud. The third American edition. 12mo. price $1,25. Philadelphia, John Watts.

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Madoc, a poem, by Robert Southey. In two volumes, octavo, price $5,50, extra boards. Boston, Munroe and Francis.

Philosophical remarks on the Christian religion ; by the Rev. J. Moir, A.M. Philadelphia, Robert Mills.

Practical Philosophy of Social Life ; or, The art of conversing with men : after the German of Baron Knigge. By P. Will, minister of the Reformed German congregation in the Savoy. First American edition. 8vo. pp. 368. Lansingburgh, N.Y. Penniman & Bliss.

The First Church Collection of Sacred Musick. Second edition. pp. 136. Boston, Thomas & Andrews.

The Maine Spelling Book ; containing a variety of words, accented and divided, with moral and entertaining lessons, useful tables, &c. To which is added, a description of the United States in general, and the District of Maine in particular. Third edition. 12mo. 20 cents. Portland.

Logick, or the right use of reason in the inquiry after truth. With a variety of rules to guard against errour in the affairs of religion and human life, as well as in the sciences. By Isaac Watts, D.D. Third American edition. 12mo. pp. 288. Exeter, Randlett.

A Review of the Conduct of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in his transactions with Nathaniel Jeffries, late member of parliament—in which are included several particulars relative to the Princess of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert. To which is added, An answer by a Friend of the Prince. 37 cents. Philadelphia.

Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. 2d American Edition.

## IN THE PRESS.

Life of Beattie, in 2 vols. 8vo. Price $3. New-York, I. Riley & Co.

Memoirs of Richard Cumberland, written by himself. 12mo. 1 vol. The second American edition. New-York, Brisban & Brannan. [Messrs. D. West, J. West, and O. C. Greenleaf, of this town, have also an edition of this work in the press, 1 vol. 12mo.]

Memoirs of Samuel Foote, Esq. with a collection of his genuine bon-mots, anecdotes, opinions, &c. mostly original, and three of his dramatick pieces, not published in his works. By William Cooke, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, Peter A. Mesier.

Lempriere's Classical Dictionary. 1 large vol. 8vo. from the last London 4to edition. Philadelphia, Watts.

Robert's Treatise on Frauds. New-York, Isaac Riley and Co.

Carr's Northern Summer. 12mo. $1,25. New-London, Cady and Eels.

I. Riley & Co. booksellers of New York, have in the press and will shortly publish, a topographical and statistical account of the city of New-York and its environs, to be intitled, "*The picture of New-York, or the Traveller's Guide in New-York and its vicinity.*" This work is intended to be published in a neat pocket volume, and to comprise the principal information of which travellers and strangers stand in need. It will be executed after the manner of the Guides to Paris, London, Oxford, and other remarkable places in Europe. To render this work more interesting and useful, it will be accompanied by maps of the city, of the surrounding country of the state. It will also be embellished with engravings of several *picturesque scenes*, such as the falls of the Passaic and Niagara, the passage of the Hudson through the mountains, &c. &c.

The American Builder's Companion, or system of architecture, containing 44 neatly executed engravings, under the inspection of Ashur Benjamin, architect and carpenter, and D. Raynard, architect and stucco worker, authors of the work. Boston, Etheridge & Bliss.

## PROPOSED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The Dramatick Works of William Shakespeare, with Dr. Samuel Johnson's Preface and Notes. Second edition. Boston, Munroe & Francis.——☞ The sale of the whole of their first edition and the frequent demand for copies have induced the publishers to propose a second. It will be printed correctly from Dr. Johnson's octavo edition, which is allowed to give the true text of Shakespeare, in eight 12mo. vols. each embellished with an engraved title-page. It will be delivered to subscribers in half volumes, sewed in red, at 42 cts. payable on delivery. A list of the subscribers' names will accompany the last No. The work contains The author's life, by Rowe; Dr. Johnson's Preface; and thirty-six Plays; which will be printed with an entire new type on fine wove paper.

Delolme on the Constitution of England; or, an account of the English government, in which it is compared with the republican form of government and the other monarchies in Europe. By J. D. Delolme, advocate. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 500. $2 in boards. Hallowell, Maine, J. Johnson.

Burlamaqui on Natural and Political Law. 1 vol. 8vo. Cambridge, Hilliard.

An abridgment of the system of midwifery. By N. Chapman, M. D. honourary member of the royal medical society of Edinburgh, and lecturer in midwifery in Philadelphia. Philadelphia, John Watts.

Johnson's Works, in 15 pocket vols. Cambridge, Hilliard.

Contemplations on the Sacred History, altered from the works of the Right Reverend Father in God, Joseph Hall, D. D. sometime Lord Bishop of Norwich. By the Rev. George Henry Glasse, M.A. Rector of Hanwell, Middlesex, and Chaplain to the Earl of Radnor. From the 3d edition, 4 vols. in 3, of about 350 each. 12mo. Price $3. Philadelphia, W. W. Woodward.

The Works of Dr. Edward Young. 2 vols. 12mo. 400 pages each. Price in boards $2,50. Boston, Hosea Sprague.

Biographical Sketches of the late Rev. John Gano, written principally by himself. 12mo. pp. 180. 75 cts. bound. Cincinnati (Ohio) Spy Office.

The Voter's Guide: or, the power, duty, and privilege of the constitutional voters in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. To which are added, original remarks, with various extracts from historians and the writings and publick speeches of eminent political characters in this and other countries, tending to explain the causes of the rise and fall of republicks. 12mo. pp. 150. Price 50 cts. in boards. Leominster, Massa. S. & J. Wilder.

Rudiments of the Art of Playing on the Piano-Forte, containing elements of musick, &c. Boston, G. Graupner.

## *INTELLIGENCE.*

### Great-Britain.

Henry Richard, Lord Holland, has lately published a literary work, entitled, "Some account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio." 8vo. 9s. boards.

On January the first, 1807, will be commenced, in London, a new monthly publication, entitled The Athenæum; a magazine of literary and miscellaneous information. Conducted by J. Aikin, M.D. Of this work, the first part will be devoted to general correspondence, comprising in its topicks all interesting matter of inquiry or information in polite literature, antiquities, science, philosophy, natural history, statisticks, domestick economy, manners, &c. In this department, controversial discussions, within the bounds of moderation and decorum, will be freely admitted; queries and their answers will be inserted; exposures of defects and abuses, proposals for improvement, and useful suggestions of all kinds, will be thankfully attended to. Distinct and permanent parts of the publication will be allotted to the following objects: Classical Disquisitions; consisting of remarks historical and critical upon all the principal authors of antiquity, and the manuscripts, editions, translations, &c. of their works.—Analyses of, and extracts from, scarce and curious books of different ages and countries;—memoirs of distinguished persons;—literary intelligence, domestick and foreign;—original poetry;—the political events of the preceding month;—meterological registers and observations;—agricultural and commercial reports;—a notice of all interesting occurrences throughout

the united kingdoms, with an obituary of remarkable characters.

The first fasciculus of the long expected Flora Græca of the late Professor SIBTHORP, edited by Dr. SMITH, will make its appearance in a few days. It will consist of 50 plates, beautifully coloured, with descriptive letter-press. This splendid work will form, when completed, ten volumes in folio, containing one thousand figures, executed by Sowerby from the masterly drawings of Mr. Ferdinand Bauer.

Mr. P. KELLY, the eminent master of the commercial academy in Finsbury-square, is preparing with great labour a new and accurate work on exchanges, to be published in one large volume quarto, under the title of the Universal Cambist. He takes for his foundation the work of Kruse, entitled the Hamburgh Contorist, which he has modernized, adapted to the English standard, and considerably enlarged from unquestionable living authorities. Among other numerous and important additions, are new essays of the principal current coins by which the intrinsick par of exchange is determined. The price will not exceed three guineas; and the charge to subscribers will be half-a-guinea less than to the public.

The Rev. J. Robinson, master of the grammar school at Ravenstondale, is engaged in a new and complete work on the Antiquities of Greece, similar in design to the Roman Antiquities of Dr. Adams. Besides introducing every thing valuable in the works of Archbishop Potter and others who wrote on Grecian antiquities at a distant period, Mr. Robinson has availed himself of the Travels of Anacharsis, of the works of Stuart, Choiseul Gauffier, Sonnini, Winkleman, and other recent writers and travellers, to enrich his work, and render it useful and desirable to students and admirers of Greek literature.

Accounts have been received from the Baptist missionary in Bengal, bearing date November 15, 1805, by which it appears that the converts had increased since the commencement of the year from 34 to 70. Three of the natives are preaching the gospel. The missionaries are proceeding in the translation and printing of the Old and New Testament in four or five eastern languages, and they hope to accomplish the translation into all the languages of the East.

In the Antiquarian Society an account has been read of the splendid equipage and sumptuary retinue of the Earl of Northumberland, at his embarkation for France in the reign of Henry VIII.—The gospel of St. John, in Latin, but written on parchment in Roman characters mixed with Saxon, was exhibited to the society by the Rev. Mr. Milner. This volume is said to be 1,200 years old.

A Catalogue of the particulars of the manuscripts, collations, and books, with manuscript notes, of the late James Philip D'Orville, Esq., purchased by the University of Oxford in 1805 for £.1025, will shortly be printed.

In the course of August last Messrs. Boydell & Co. of London were to publish the third edition corrected of *Hogarth Illustrated*, by J. Ireland, in 3 vols. royal 8vo. This work contains not only an explanation of each print, but numerous anecdotes of that great artist, and the times in which he lived. The 3d volume, compiled from Hogarth's MSS., and containing upwards of 40 new prints, and a correct list of the numerous variations in his engravings, may be had separate for the completion of sets, to accommodate those who purchased the two first volumes before the third was published.

Mr. Cromek intends to publish in the course of the ensuing winter a series of twelve engravings, etched in a very superior style of excellence, by Louis Schiavonetti, from the original inventions of William Blake, illustrative of Blair's popular poem "The Grave." In consequence of the originality of the designs, and the vigorous expression, the work has been honoured with the patronage of the first professors of art in the metropolis, and by the subscriptions of upwards of 250 of the most distinguished amateurs.

GERMANY.

A splendid edition of the Poetical Works of the celebrated Schiller, with plates, will speedily appear.

Sturtz is publishing *Mattaire de linguæ græcæ dialectis opus auctum et emendatum.*

RUSSIA.

A letter has recently been received from M. Rhemann, the physician in the suite of the Russian embassy to China, dated Kiachta on the frontiers of China, October 14th, 1805; in which he says that he has vaccinated a great number of the children of the Moguls. "These people (continues M. Rehmann,) have retained the simple manners and cus-

toms of their ancestors. They live in tents, and still make use of bows and arrows, which they employ with such dexterity and precision, that when they went out with the Russians of the ambassador's suite they killed six times as much game as the latter, though provided with excellent fowling-pieces." He likewise writes that he has discovered a little portable pharmaceutick collection of Thibet, from which the science of medicine is likely to derive advantage. It consists of sixty different articles, very elegantly wrapped in paper. Among these are some remedies known in Europe; but with a much greater number the botanists attached to the embassy were unacquainted. The latter consist of small fruits, nuts, and some chemical preparations. M. Rehmann has procured a translation of the list of them, which was written in the language of Tangut. He proposes to bring with him some of these collections of medicines, which are much in use among the Bucharians.

SWEDEN.

Colonel Skiöldebrand, whose Picturesque Tour in Lapland is well known, is at present engaged on a History of all the publick festivals held in Sweden, which will be a splendid work with engravings. He is said to have received an advance of 12,000 rix-dollars towards this work, of which great expectations are entertained.

The fifth part of Icones Plantarum Japonicarum, by Thunberg, has made its appearance; but it is likely to be the last the learned professor will publish, unless some foreign bookseller will undertake to give his admirable collections to the world.

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## STATEMENT OF DISEASES, &c.

*from Sept. 20 to Oct. 20, 1806.*

THE atmosphere has been clear during great part of the past month, and the weather cool. Winds from the north-west and north-east.

The attention of physicians has been principally called to the *autumnal fever*: yet this disease has not been so common, and far less fatal than in most years. It is right to have it stated; though we are not desirous of making any general inferences from it at present; that the *depletion of the sanguiferous system* is rarely, if ever, resorted to by our physicians; and we suspect that as few die of fever here, in the same number of cases, as in any city of this country. The *mercurial* practice is employed with ardour by some, and with doubt by others; perhaps this is to be explained by the fact, that it is now and then brilliantly successful, in other cases inefficient, in a few hurtful. This powerful medicine would be more frequently useful, if the principles for its application were understood. The occasional, though cautious, use of *cathartick*s, in a way very similar to that recommended by the judicious Dr. Hamilton, is very well established. *Cold water* is gradually removing the obstacles opposed to it by the prejudices of the vulgar, and will probably become a common and useful remedy in fevers. The *cholera* of infants has been more fatal in this, than the last month; but the number of cases not greater.

The cow-pock practice increases.

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*Interments in Boston from August 29 to Sept. 26, from the Sextons returns.*

| | Mal. | Fem. | Ch. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Accident | 2 | | |
| Apoplexy | | 1 | |
| Colic, bilious | 1 | | |
| Consumption | 3 | 12 | 1 |
| Dropsy | | | 2 |
| Drowned | 1 | | |
| Fever, nervous | 2 | | |
| ———, putrid | 1 | | |
| ———, slow bilious | | 1 | |
| Fits | | | 1 |
| Hooping cough | | | 1 |
| Inf. complaints | | | 13 |
| Imprudence | 2 | | |
| Intoxication | 1 | | |
| Old age | 2 | 1 | |
| Quinzy | | | 1 |
| Diseases not mentioned | 2 | 7 | 1 |
| | 17 | 22 | 20 |

*Interments from Sept. 26 to October 23.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Accident | 3 | | 1 |
| Colic, bilious | 1 | | |
| Consumption | 6 | 7 | |
| Dropsy | 2 | 2 | |
| Drowned | 2 | | 1 |
| Fever, slow | 1 | | |
| ———, bilious | 1 | 1 | |
| ———, nervous | 1 | 1 | |
| Inf. complaints | | | 15 |
| Mortification | | 1 | |
| Old age | 2 | 1 | |
| Suddenly | | | 2 |
| Diseases not mentioned | 6 | 2 | 18 |
| | 25 | 15 | 37 |